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Dublin.

ANALYSIS

OF

A NEW WORK OF TRAVELS,

LATELY PUBLISHED IN LONDON.

THE STRANGER *in* IRELAND; *or, a* TOUR *in the* SOUTHERN *and* WESTERN PARTS *of that* COUNTRY, *in the year* 1805. *By* JOHN CARR, ESQ. *of the Middle Temple; author of "The Stranger in France," "A Northern Summer, &c. &c."* —1 *vol.* 4*to. pp.* 530; *price* 2*l.* 2*s. London.* PHILLIPS, 1806.

WHATEVER relates to a country so interesting as Ireland, and one which forms such an important appendage to the British empire, may be expected to excite the attention of the public in an extraordinary degree; but a work from the pen of such a writer as Mr. Carr, who travelled through that country expressly for the purpose of making observations illustrative of the Irish character, manners, and political economy, cannot fail to be eagerly sought for and patronised. It is from such a writer that we ought to expect an impartial account of the people he undertakes to describe, and who have too long been the victims of illiberal and unfounded prejudice, as well as of ill-judged political oppression. We therefore, as Englishmen, feel a peculiar pleasure in observing, that a countryman of our own has at length done justice to the virtues as well as the eccentricities of the Irish nation. We place implicit confidence in what Mr. Carr has related; and we are convinced that our readers will do him similar justice.

In his preface, he observes, that he has as much as possible avoided adverting to those points upon which the public opinion has hitherto been divided; and where he has touched upon them, he trusts it has been with becoming deference. With respect to the character of the people, he adds, that where

time and opportunity did not enable him to judge personally, he had the advantage of corresponding with some of the most able, impartial, and distinguished persons of Ireland, as well as Englishmen resident there.

Mr. Carr, as usual, entertains his readers with many pleasant anecdotes, arising from circumstances which occurred to him on his way to St. George's channel. A few of them are worth insertion in our abstract. On speaking of the excellence of the manufactures of Birmingham, through which town he passed, he mentions the following, and not generally known

ANECDOTE OF MR. BOLTON.

To shew the superiority of the manufactures of this place, it is related of Mr. Bolton of Soho, to whose ingenuity and enterprise the world is so much indebted, that when he was in Paris, some years since, a Frenchman of fashion exhibited a very beautiful papier-maché snuff-box, and observed to Mr. Bolton that he thought, able as the English were in every work of art, they were not equal to the manufacture of so beautiful and exquisite a piece of workmanship. Mr. Bolton requested to have it, and stepping aside to a window, with a fine penknife opened a part of it, and shewed the astonished Frenchman the name of Bolton upon it. Soon after a considerable wager was laid, that the steel manufactory in France was superior to that of England. Mr. Bolton accepted the bet, and on a given day one of the most celebrated French workers in steel produced his sample, which was very ingenious, but at this moment I forget what it was; to the surprise of the umpire, Bolton displayed a needle, enclosing another which contained a third, and won the wager.

Our author was so delighted with the vale of Llangollen, that he advises all his readers who are able, not to let another summer's sun pass away without paying it a visit!!

WELSH HUSBANDRY.

In the corn-fields of Llangollen, says Mr. Carr, I witnessed an instance of bad husbandry which surprised me: the Welsh farmers, in this part of Wales, mow and rake their corn together as we do our grass and hay; and when they have collected it in heaps, they stack it under a strong matting of straw, by which mode much of the grain must be shaken out and lost. The male peasant is fond of wearing a blue coat and blue stockings; and the female is generally attired in a broad black felt hat, tied under the chin with a blue ribband, a gown of the same colour, and a light brown great-coat. The peasantry present a strange mixture of industry and indolence: on one side the traveller, if he pass into a cottage, will see a woman with a child at her breast, and

spinning; or, on the road, he will meet another knitting as she returns home from the day's occupation: whilst, on the other hand, he will be pestered with groupes of mendicant children, capable of working, running by the side of the carriage, and in a shrill sound exclaiming, "Got bless u, a penny, bless u." Their native language is a dialect of the Celtic.

CUSTOM OF BUNDLING!

One evening, at an inn where we halted, we heard a considerable bustle in the kitchen, and, upon enquiry, I was let into a secret worth knowing. The landlord had been scolding one of his maids, a very pretty plump little girl, for not having done her work; and the reason which she alledged for her idleness was, that her master having locked the street door at night, had prevented her lover from enjoying the rights and delights of *bundling*, an amatory indulgence which, considering that it is sanctioned by custom, may be regarded as somewhat singular, although it is not exclusively of Welsh growth. The process is very simple: the gay Lothario, when all is silent, steals to the chamber of his mistress, who receives him in bed, but with the modest precaution of wearing her under petticoat, which is always fastened at the bottom, not unfrequently, I am told, by a sliding knot. It may astonish a London gallant to be told, that this extraordinary experiment often ends in downright wedlock—the knot which cannot slide. A gentleman of respectability also assured me, that he was obliged to indulge his female servants in these nocturnal interviews, and that too, at all hours of the night, otherwise his whole family would be thrown into disorder by their neglect: the carpet would not be dusted, nor would the kettle boil. I think this custom should share the fate of the northern Welsh goats.

Habit has so reconciled the mind to the comforts of *bundling*, that a young lady who entered the coach soon after we left Shrewsbury, about eighteen years of age, with a serene and modest countenance, displayed considerable historical knowledge of the custom, without "one touch of bashfulness."

Mr. Carr embarked at Holyhead, and was detained in the passage of the Channel two days and nights by a dead calm:—the usual time in fair weather is nine hours. This delay was attributed by the sailors to their having on board a mitred prelate!—At length he approached Dublin, and after some minute remarks on the bay, and superb mole at the harbour, he informs us of his entrance into a miserable long coach, where a ludicrous adventure occurred to him, which he thus describes:—Reader, if you love a laugh as well as I do, you will not be offended at me if I relate that two Scotchmen, who appeared to

be enthusiastic agriculturists of the modern school, committed their niece, one of the lovely daughters of green Erin (and indeed she was very beautiful), to my care in the carriage, there being no room for them; that, finding she had a bundle, I begged and prevailed upon her to let me bear it upon my lap for her, in which situation it had not been placed above ten minutes, before it began to stream with perspiration, and proved to be, to the cost of my pantaloons, a large piece of prize-pork, which her uncles, in their rage for fattening cattle, had brought over from England as a precious relic of their favourite system. The Irish will have a fair retaliating laugh at us, when they hear that the secretary of a celebrated English agricultural society, received orders from its committee to procure several copies of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls, upon the first appearance of that admirable book, for the use of the members, in their labours for improving the breed of cattle.

IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

Upon the road we saw several carriages peculiar to the country; that which struck me most was the jaunting car, an open carriage, mounted upon two small wheels, drawn by one horse, in which the company sit back to back, and hence the Irish, in badinage, call it an Irish *vis-à-vis;* whilst, on the other hand, considering the position of the parties and of the coachman, who is elevated in front, I have heard it more appropriately, though less delicately, nominated the *cul-à-cul.* This carriage is very convenient and easy, and will carry six persons besides the coachman. It much resembles the Russian carriage called the droshka. The entrance to the capital was through one of the barriers which were erected in the rebellion over one of the canals, which form an admirable protection to the city; and, after passing through several noble streets, we stopped at the mail-coach office, and I proceeded to the Royal Hotel in Kildare-street.

After roving through many noble streets, similar in character and beauty to those of the better parts of London, and being frequently struck with the novel sounds of, "Blood and ounds, make haste, Pat, by my faith and shoul," I reached a jingle stand, and having heard much of this carriage, in company with a friend I mounted one, and took a drive upon a noble road for about two miles. This carriage resembles as much of a coach as remains after the doors and the upper sides and roof are removed, and is mounted very high upon four large slender wheels. Its motion produces a rattling noise, which furnishes its name: it is drawn by one miserable looking horse, whose fate it is frequently to pull after him, upon a smart trot, his driver and six passengers.

On the road I met one of them quite full, which, at a little distance, owing to the poor animal being enveloped in the fog of his own perspiration, made the passengers appear as if they were impelled by *steam*. The principal stand of these carriages is at the end of Bagot-street: they are numbered, and the drivers are subject to the control of the police for improper behaviour. They generally run to the Pigeon-house and to the Black-rock, and back again. The fare is sixpence only to each person, provided there is a complement of passengers; so that those who will not pay for the deficiency of the necessary number, must "sit, like Patience upon a monument," till the vehicle is filled. These carriages, wretched as they look, are very convenient, and persons of the first respectability frequently ride in them. Away rolled Pat, my friend, and I. All the drivers, and almost every low Irishman, are called Pat, an abbreviation of Paddy, a popular christian name, derived from St. Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland, who had the honours of canonization decreed to him for having, amongst other notable things which I shall hereafter have occasion to enumerate, illustrated the Trinity by a shamrock or trefoil. On the road, we saw a poor jingle horse, which had been turned out to batten upon the sorry weed of the ditch, lying, as I thought, for ever removed from all the future toils of so wretched a destiny. "Poor animal!" said I, "he's dead;" "And plaze your honour," said Pat, "he is not *dead entirely*."

A CAR, A NODDY, &c.

On the road we met several cars, which are used as common carts. This carriage, which is drawn by one horse, is very low, mounted upon wheels of about two feet in diameter, made out of one or two pieces of wood, fixed either on an iron or a wooden axle-tree, which turns round with them, and will carry about the load of three English wheel-barrows. A noddy also passed us: this carriage is now somewhat rare. It is an old, battered single-horse chaise, with the head up, having a seat for Pat upon the shafts, who is so placed that he retaliates upon his passenger, for the rump of the horse being placed close to his very mouth. As this machine moves, it nods; and hence, as the Irish are always descriptive in their expressions, I presume its name: these are all the carriages peculiar to the country.

The hackney-coaches are similar to those in London, but infinitely inferior in ease and cleanliness. Some wag has written, that the hackney-coach drivers of Dublin use very long poles in their coaches, at the end of which they fasten a bundle of hay out of the reach of the horse, by which ingenious arrangement the animal advances with increased ardour in the constant pursuit of food, which he is seldom permitted to taste: this picture

is utterly false. The horses, however, are very poor; and the whole establishment calls loudly for the ameliorating hand of the civil government.

We had not proceeded an Irish mile, eleven of which are equal to fourteen English, before Pat stopped, and said, "Plaze your honours, I will not drive your honours any farther, unless you will give me another *hog*, (a shilling.)" Knowing the word in its usual acceptation *only*, we thought proper to alight; and having paid him what he at first demanded, which was, as we afterwards found, thrice as much as his fare, we descended, and in learning what a hog was, we obtained the nature of the currency of Ireland.

CHARACTER OF THE IRISH BEGGARS.

Although the beneficence of the country has provided so many comfortable asylums for the beggars of Dublin, they are numerous and wretched beyond conception: I think more so than in the provinces of France. Their dress is deplorably filthy, and induced a wit to say, that he never knew what the beggars of London did with their cast-off cloaths, till he found that they were sold to the Dublin beggars. I have heard of a wandering wretch, who in passing over a corn-field, thought himself very fortunate in exchanging breeches with a mawkin or scarecrow, set up to frighten away the birds; and such seems to be the condition of the mendicants. Their perseverance is generally irresistible.

Some of the police with a black covered cart occasionally go round the city to pick up such mendicants as do not disappear as the terrific vehicle turns the corner of a street, and convey them to the house of industry, from which they escape the first opportunity. They prefer a precarious crust of bread steeped in tears with liberty, to comfort and protection in the shape of restraint. In London we have many sights of sorrow before us, but they are generally confined to certain parts of the town; whereas in Dublin they affect the eyes, and ears, and disfigure the beauty of this superb city every where. As the present arrangements are so inadequate, the legislature cannot direct its eye with too much ardour and anxiety to the subject.

The native wit and humour of the low Irish is singularly happy. A beggar had been for a long time besieging an old, gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with great irritability, upon which the mendicant said, "Ah, plaze your honour's honour, I wish God had made your *heart* as tender as your *toes*." Many of these poor creatures, to secure a decent interment, respecting which the low Irish are very tenacious, with a spirit of hospitality beyond the grave, implore the aid of alms to

purchase a coffin for themselves, and candles, pipes, tobacco, and whiskey for their mourning friends.

Mr. Carr describes the dress of the lower Irish by quoting a paragraph from Spencer. It is a long loose woollen coat, of stone colour, which serves for all seasons.—The women are also very fond of a long great-coat with many capes.

CONTRASTED PICTURE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN DUBLIN; PRESENT STATE OF ITS POPULATION; VINDICATION OF THE PEOPLE, MISERIES OF THE POOR, &c.

Dublin, says Mr. Carr, may take a high rank amongst the finest cities of the earth. It covers an area of rather more than 1,464 acres, and is considered to be about seven Irish miles in circumference. In the year 964, in the preface to King Edgar's charters, she is styled "the most noble city of Dublin." After undergoing a variety of progressive improvements, in the year 1610 the river Liffey was embanked on the southern side only, with quays; the ground called the Batchelor's Walk, the Inn's quay, Ellis's quay, Arran quay, the two Ormond quays, east and west of Essex bridge, to an extent of about a mile and a half, on which are now erected many noble houses, were at that period covered with mud, and overflowed by the tides: the whole of the foundation of that superb building, the Four Courts of Justice, opposite to Merchant's quay, is built upon piles. We find also at this period, that that part of the city called Osmontown, or Oxmantown, was terminated to the last by Mary Abbey: that on the other side to the West Church-street and Michan's church, were the bounds. Stoney-batter, now called Manor-street, Grange Gorman, and Glasmanogue, now a part of the city, were inconsiderable distant villages, and so far was the latter from the capital, that in the time of the plague the sheriffs of Dublin held their courts there. At the same period, Temple-bar, Crane-lane, Fleet-street, Lazar's-hill, &c. now called South Townsend-street, Crampton, Aston's, George's, and Sir John Rogerson's quays, on the south side of the Liffy, had not emerged from the water; and George's quay and many acres extending to Ringsend bridge, were only rescued from the same element within the last century. On the north side, Dame-street contained only a small collection of buildings, and terminated at the Augustine monastery, opposite to the end of George-lane, which was nearly the extent of the suburbs to the east. The city is nearly square, is mostly on a level, but compared with the surrounding country is rather low. It is watered by the river Liffey, which rises about four or five miles westward from the capital, and after nearly surrounding, with the most beautiful meanders, the county of Kildare, intersects almost equally the

city, where it much resembles the Seine, as many parts of Dublin through which it flows do the quay Voltaire, quay Malaquais, and the quay de Conti, and other quarters of Paris.

The number of parishes in Dublin is nineteen. The churches of the parishes of St. Nicholas without the walls, and St. Michael's, are in ruins, and the parish of St. Peter's has two churches; therefore the number of churches is at present eighteen: the church of St. George, included in this number, is not yet finished; it promises to be an elegant edifice: to these places of public worship belonging to the establishment, may be added the College-chapel, Blue-Coat-Hospital-chapel, Royal-Hospital-chapel, Magdalen-Asylum-chapel, Lying-in-Hospital-chapel, Bethesda-chapel, and the Foundling-Hospital-chapel.

The quakers have two meeting-houses in Dublin, the congregations of which amount to between six and seven hundred souls. The quakers scattered over the island are about five thousand, with about one thousand who frequent their meeting-houses, but are not in society It is a singular circumstance, that in Dublin there are only three Jewish families, and it is believed that they have not at any period been more numerous, nor as far as I could learn, have they ever had a synagogue. In the cities of Cork, Waterford, Limerick, and Belfast, Jews are to be found, but in no part of the country of Ireland. Last year a foreign Jew from Konigsburg, upon his conforming, was baptized. There are four meeting-houses for methodists, one for anabaptists, one for French lutherans, fifteen Roman catholic chapels, a church for French calvinists, a Danish and Dutch church. Its parochial division is very unequal. The parish of St. Catherine, the largest and nearly the poorest, comprehends 112 acres, and about 20,176 inhabitants; St. Nicholas within five acres, and about 1,100 inhabitants; and St. Peter's spreads over an area of 141 acres, including its squares, and about 16,063 inhabitants. The unequal duties of the clergy may be easily inferred from this statement, which are rendered the more oppressive, on account of the compensation for their services being very inadequate. The limits of parishes are so irregular, that small streets frequently contribute to the support of three different ministers, as is the case with the quarter called the Poddle. The country parishes vary still more from one to thirty miles. The most populous parishes are within the walls of the ancient city, viz. the parishes of St. Michael, St. Nicholas within, St. Werburgh, St. John, the deanry of Christ's church, and the eastern part of St. Audeon.

The following is a lamentable picture of the defective state of the church-establishment in Ireland. There are 2,436 parishes, 1,001 churches, and only 355 glebe or parsonage-houses.

The benefices or union-parishes amount to 1,120; so that there are 2,081 parishes without any residence for the clergymen, and 1,435 parishes without any churches. Where there are no glebe-houses, the resident clergyman rents a house; where he does not reside his curate performs the service, and I was informed with tolerable regularity: but the inconvenience must be great, and residence from necessity rare.

The paving of Dublin commenced in 1774. There were no houses of brick or stone (except some poor religious houses) before the reign of Henry the second. The population of Dublin was determined from actual enumeration in the year 1798; and by the conservators of the peace in 1804, was found to amount to 182,370 souls. Since that period 700 houses have been built, which are tenanted. Seven thousand souls, or ten to a house, may at least be generally allowed, giving a total of 189,370; but as this average of ten to a house is below that of Dublin at large, which is between eleven and twelve, and as the population of the Castle is not included, the population of Dublin may be safely taken at 190,000, including the garrison. The difficulty of obtaining a correct account of the population of Ireland is great, on account of there being no registers of births, marriages, and deaths kept, except in Dublin, and even there I was informed they were kept very irregularly. A friend of mine from Ireland, in order to prove in the Court of Chancery here, that a ward of his was of age, was obliged to produce the great family Bible, as the only document that afforded him data of the event. The increase of population in the capital has been progressive. In 1682 Sir William Petty tells us there were thirteen parishes, including the two deaneries of Christchurch and St. Patrick; that there were but four thousand families, which at eight in each family, made thirty-two thousand souls. Since he wrote, three parishes have been added, viz. St. Catherine's, mentioned before, containing 20,176 inhabitants, St Michael's 18,092 inhabitants, and St. Mary's above 16,000 inhabitants. The causes of this increase are various: Mr. Carr attributes them to the subsequent vice-regal splendour. Many of the streets are very superb. Sackville and Westmorland-streets and Cavendish-row may vie with any in London for their size and beauty; and most of the streets in the neighbourhood of Mountjoy and Rutland-squares in the north, and of St. Stephen's-green and Merrion-square in the south, are very handsome. The greater portion of the city is well paved and lighted, but in general very badly cleansed. The principal fuel is Newcastle coal, and turf from the bog of Allen.

Dame-street is the great focus of fashion, bustle, and business, and is lined with noble shops and buildings. It is the Rue

St. Honoré of Paris, and the Bond-street of London; and the beauty of the principal streets of Dublin is not disfigured as in London by an intermixture of butchers', fishmongers', and poulterers' stalls, which are confined to certain quarters of the town. This arrangement adds greatly to the beauty of the city. The number of houses which has been built since the union, amounts to about 1000. I found that the price of middling houses had considerably increased, and that of large ones had much diminished since that epoch. The union inevitably attracted a number of men of rank, wealth, and fashion to England, who have not been succeeded by an increase of persons of their own degree and resources to purchase their vacant houses at their own price, whilst the spirit and the means of the trading part of the community have increased to a degree developed by the great addition of buildings above stated. Of the principal public buildings I shall speak in the order of my visiting them. At night the city is admirably watched and patroled. Most of the watchmen are armed with muskets, others with a pike having a curved knife, and the robberies which occur are very rare: indeed whilst I am upon this subject, I may mention, that in the course of my tour through different parts of Ireland, *although I was frequently alone, and had no other weapon than a toothpick,* I never met with the slightest molestation. The principal murders and depredations which are stated to have been committed in Ireland for some time past, have been manufactured by the editors of English newspapers, to fill up a vacancy in their prints. Upon these occasions, Limerick and its neighbourhood are generally selected for the scene of blood and outrage. The arrival of the mail frequently astonishes some of the inhabitants with an account of their own throats having been cut, their cattle houghed, and their houses plundered. This selection is rather an unfortunate one, as Limerick, since the year 1798, has been particularly free from any spirit hostile to the repose of society.

The city is now plentifully supplied with water, but it is not near so pure and excellent as it was about sixty years since: it was then supplied by a fine mountain stream called Temple-ogo water, collected into the bason in St. James's street: the river Liffey, dammed up above Island-bridge, now Sarah-bridge, also supplied the town with water; but the population increasing, these supplies were insufficient, and the proper officers contracted with the Grand Canal Company to unite their water with the city bason, and it became necessary to cut off part of the bason for the convenience of the canal, by which the beauty of the bason was quite destroyed. The canal-water passing over such

a variety of soil, may imbibe some impurities, which, however, cannot fail of being corrected by the quantity of rain which falls.

The public buildings which embellish the capital are very magnificent; I shall attempt to describe them in the order in which I visited them. As I have mentioned the nobler parts of this city, it is with no little degree of pain that I step from the sunshine into the shade, to advert to the quarters of the poor, which I believe have no parallel in London, and demand the immediate attention of the government, which has, or ought to have been, most powerfully excited by the labours of the Reverend James Whitelaw, M. R. I. A. which were laid before the public in 1798, since which he assures me no steps have been taken to remove or assuage the misery he has depicted. The poorer parts of Dublin are pregnant with nuisances unusually destructive to health and comfort. In the ancient parts of the city the streets are generally very narrow, and the back-yards of the houses very confined. The greater number of these streets, with their numerous lanes and alleys, are tenanted by little shopkeepers, the labouring poor, and beggars crowded together to a degree painful and affecting to reflection. Mr. Whitelaw states, that a single apartment in one of these truly wretched habitations lets from one to two shillings per week, and to lighten this rent, two, three, and even four families, become joint-tenants: he also mentions that a house in Braithwaite-street some years since, contained 108 souls; the present number of parochial schools it appears is eighteen.

Since Mr. Whitelaw wrote, a very fine charter-school has been established in Bagot-street, nearly on the banks of the canal, for sixty girls; to this school, in which the rooms are spacious and airy, girls, when of a proper age and state of improvement, are removed from the different schools belonging to the corporations in various parts of Ireland; here their education is finished, and from hence they are apprenticed to proper protestant masters and mistresses; an object which was found difficult of attainment in the distant parts of the kingdom, where protestants are comparatively few. As this school is under the immediate inspection of the governor, it is well conducted; and not only the moral and religious instructions of the children, but habits of industry, are deeply impressed.

SCARCITY OF SPECIE.

Upon entering a shop to purchase a pair of gloves, I observed, with no little degree of curiosity, that upon my presenting the money for them, my fair shopkeeper placed a little brass weighing-machine upon the counter, and weighed my shillings, all of which, as well as four or five more which I had in my purse, proved to be deficient in weight.

Nothing can impress a stranger more forcibly than the want of a mint coinage in Ireland, and (with an exception to certain portions in the north) the deplorable want of metallic specie throughout that country, to which may be added the exorbitant state of the exchange between the two countries.

The production of a guinea, in many parts of Ireland, excites as much curiosity as the display of a ruble or a sicca rupee would. Upon the arrival of the first of those precious coins in Dublin, it speedily finds its way either to the banker's counter, or to shops called specie shops, over the doors of which is written, "Guineas bought and sold here, and bank notes exchanged for guineas." Here a guinea, exchanged for a bank of Ireland note, was some time since resold at one pound three shillings, and one pound three shillings and sixpence: at present it is at one shilling, which is low. Small bank of England notes, from one to ten pounds, are at a premium proportionate to guineas, being equally useful to travellers. Larger bank of England bills bear the same price as merchants' bills on London.

The north of Ireland is principally supplied with guineas from Dublin, where they are now so scarce, notwithstanding their premium being low, that it is with difficulty they can be procured in quantities sufficient for travelling expences. The scarcity of this coin cannot be a matter of surprise, when, in addition to the act for restraining payments in specie, it appears that one person alone, between the years 1799 and 1804, purchased a million and a quarter, one million of which was sold for the purpose of exportation; and some of the absentee landlords still persist in making, as far as they can, their tenants pay their rent in specie.

The want of silver specie is more particularly lamentable, and embarrassing beyond imagination. Many of the great quantity of base shillings in circulation are not intrinsically worth four pence; but if they are of sufficient weight, or what is admitted to be so by tacit consent, viz. two pennyweights and sixteen grains and a half, and do not present too *brazen* an appearance of their *felonious* origin, they are permitted to descend into the till, to prevent a total stagnation of trade. Even these shillings are rare, and their rarity is frequently disastrous to business. After having been detained half an hour for change, I have more than once been told by the shopkeeper, with great regret, that he had sent to all his neighbours for change, but could not obtain any, and consequently the article purchased resumed its former seat upon the shelf. It is worthy of observation, that the mint shilling weighs three pennyweights and twenty-one grains, so that, even in *mere weight*, an Irish shopkeeper is compelled to submit to a deduction of rather more than one-third.

The first deficiency of silver may perhaps be attributable, in a

great degree, to the effusion of silver paper-notes during the great circulation of base shillings in the spring of 1804, the former of which the lower classes of people preferred; and, in consequence of this cheap substitution, the good silver was sent abroad as the best mode of remittance: after the re-appearance of silver, upon the subsidence of the rebellion, the interest of individuals induced them to export all the good shillings they could industriously procure, to England, where twenty-one of them could be exchanged for an English guinea, and in Ireland, no less a number would be taken for an Irish guinea note; the difference between which, in point of exchange, left a handsome profit to those who engaged largely in the traffic. Another, and an alarming cause of the baseness of the silver coin, is the facility with which it may be coined, and the frequent impunity extended to coiners on conviction. Coiners of shillings in Ireland, as well as in England, are punishable with death; but, notwithstanding several convictions of this crime, the only punishment that followed, as far as I could learn, for some years, was that of the pillory; and even that was rarely inflicted.

Our author is of opinion, that this scarcity of specie arises partly from the *absentees* carrying it with them to England. He adds, that in the north of Ireland there is a great disposition to resist the admission of paper. He then makes the following suggestions for remedying the evil.

As agriculture is increasing in Ireland, and as I trust every other national blessing will there increase also, an increased circulation is immediately, and will be more pressingly wanted. To remedy the exchange, several plans have been proposed; amongst others, it has been suggested for the bank of Ireland to invest a part of its capital in convertible securities, either in the hands of the bank of England, or of its own agents, or to take bills at a given rate of exchange, and by being drawers at a higher rate, to create a fund to draw upon, which would give it a controlling check over exchange operations; or to pay two, three, or four millions to its credit in the bank of England, to be drawn for or remitted at the pleasure of the bank of Ireland: but the most effective measure seems to be a consolidation of the two banks, under the title of the Imperial Bank, to be effected by a transfer of the stock of the bank of Ireland proprietors, to their credit in the bank of England, to be denominated imperial stock, and by an adoption on the part of the bank of England of all the engagements of the bank of Ireland, and by placing the united concerns of the two banks under the controul of Directors of the existing banks, in such numbers as might be agreed upon: a bank, as a branch of the Imperial Bank, to be kept up in Dublin for the payment of the paper of the mother bank, which should be made payable either in

England or Ireland, similar to the organization of the twenty local bank offices which radiate from the bank of Scotland.

THE LATE PARLIAMENT-HOUSE.

Amongst the public buildings, one of the first which I visited was the late Parliament-house, now converting into a national bank.

The parliament, in distant times, used occasionally to meet in the large halls of the religious houses. The parliament of 1333 assembled in the hall of the Carmelites, in White Friars-street. The noble pile which we are contemplating, was designed and built, as was generally supposed, but singular to relate not accurately known, by Mr. Castle: to the genius of the architect it does infinite honour. It was commenced in the year 1729, during the administration of Lord Carteret, under the inspection of Sir Edward Pearce, and Arthur Dobbs, Esq., successive engineers and surveyors general, and finished in 1739. The front recedes from the street, forming a court enclosed by iron rails. The centre consists of a portico of four columns, attached to a peristyle, forming three sides of a court, and advancing to the street, the ends of which are composed of lofty arches with piers: between are three quarter-columns, which rest on sub-plinths. The order is Palladio's Ionic, and of Portland stone, finished with an entablature, having a swelled frieze, over which are pediments of less dimensions than the portico. Between the plinths of the wings, and round the peristyle, is a flight of steps under the colonnade, the walls of which are decorated by a rustic basement, in which were the doors of the entrance: over the basement, in the front, is a range of windows. A dome once formed the centre of this noble pile, which was destroyed by fire. Strange to relate, the portico is not finished by a balustrade, nor is it surrounded either by statues or vases, the absence of which the eye perpetually laments.

That part of the building which was appropriated to the House of Lords, is situated, to great advantage, towards the east, in Westmorland-street. This front is very elegant, and extends one hundred and thirty-five feet, acd is constructed of the same stone as the old building. The portico was originally intended to have been of the Ionic order; but from the great fall of the ground, and other circumstances, the architect was compelled to alter his original design; and as the front was in a different street, there did not appear an actual necessity for the order to be similar. The present portico consists of six noble columns of the Corinthian order, thirty-six feet high, finished with its proper entablature, and a pediment, on which are placed three fine statues by Smith. The face of the building is decorated with a rustic base-

ment, exactly corresponding to the old front, over which are architraves, &c.; but the apertures, instead of windows, as in the old front, are adorned by niches for statues, having over them circular and square tablets alternately for inscriptions. The top of the building is finished with a balustrade.

The House of Lords was designed and executed by Mr. Gandon. The west front, in Foster-place, is constructed of the same materials as the other fronts, and is from the design of the same gentleman, with some few alterations, such as a pediment being substituted in place of Caryatic figures in the centre, and instead of a corresponding screen wall, as on the other side, as I was well informed, a colonnade was substituted at the suggestion of a gentleman who had the management of the business: and although a colonnade is always and every where a most beautiful piece of architecture, yet it must, in this instance, have been the principal instead of the subordinate feature, and must have attracted the eye from the principal front, and produced a very visible incongruity in the whole building. This stately pile is now undergoing great alterations, both externally and internally, in order to be appropriated to the use of a national bank.

The former House of Commons of Ireland was an octagon, surmounted by a dome, which rested upon columns of the Ionic order, that rose from an amphitheatrical spacious gallery, surrounded with a light and elegant balustrade of iron, within which strangers were admitted to hear the debates, and were conveniently accommodated. From the description which I had of this part of the edifice, it must have been second only to the hall of the Legislative Assembly at Paris, which is the most elegant senatorial building I ever beheld.

The hammer and the saw have not yet demolished the Irish House of Lords, the whole arrangement of which is nearly entire, and appears to have been constructed more with a view to convenience than elegance. This room was formerly embellished by a very fine painting, from the hand of that eccentric, but wonderful genius, the late Barry, who was born at Cork. The subject was St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, preaching the glad tidings of salvation to Leogarius, the haughty pagan prince of that country.

Opposite to the grand front of the late Parliament-house is the General Post-office, where the ear is annoyed with newsmen crying out, "Two packets, two packets;" meaning that the news which they hold in their hands, contain the intelligence brought by that number of packets last arrived from England.

THE MAIL-COACHES, &c.

The mail-coaches run from Dublin to Cork, Belfast, Long-

ford, Limerick, Derry, Enniskillen, Waterford, Sligo, and Dungannon. There are also two mail-coaches established between Cork and Limerick: one passes by Fermoy, and the other by Charleville. There are three hundred and four post towns in Ireland; to two hundred of which the mails are conveyed six times in each week; and to one hundred and four, three times in each week. In the year 1801, there were but *four* mail-coaches in Ireland, viz. to Cork, Limerick, Belfast, and Longford. But that valuable part of the establishment, the importance of which manifests itself every day, has been considerably and *wisely* augmented, as it ensures an expeditious and secure conveyance to the public correspondence. The same system has been attempted to be extended to other parts of the kingdom; but the insufficiency of travelling intercourse, and the bad state of the roads, defeated the intentions of the postmasters-general, and forced the contractors, after becoming bankrupts, to resign their contracts.

COLLEGE AND LIBRARY.

My next visit was to the college of the holy and undivided Trinity, the students of which in their collegiate habits, give much vivacity to the city. This building forms to the eye one termination of Dame-street, and is in the shape of a parallelogram, extending in front three hundred feet, and in depth about six hundred, and is divided into two nearly equal squares, in which are thirty-three buildings of eight rooms each; the principal or west front is in the Corinthian order, and is built of Portland stone, as are all the buildings in the first square; this front is ornamented with pilasters and festoons, and considering how recent its construction is, viz. in 1759, I must own it did not favourably impress me. The most beautiful parts of this vast pile are the chapel and the theatre, designed by Sir William Chambers, which are opposite to and correspond with each other, and have each of them a handsome dome, and a front supported by four noble columns of the Corinthian order. The theatre is used for examinations and lectures. Its principal ornament is a monument erected to the memory of Provost Baldwin, which represents the figure of Learning weeping over the recumbent figure of that great man; the whole is chiseled out of one solid block, and is the masterly production of Mr. Hewetson, a native of Ireland, who left his country to settle in Rome. There are portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Clare, Bishop Berkley, Dean Swift, and Burke. This noble room, exclusive of a semicircular recess, thirty-six feet in diameter, is eighty feet long, forty broad, and forty-four high. The chapel opposite is very handsome. In the same area are the refectory and hall. The south side of the inner square is entirely occupied by the library, which is supported

by a piazza, more than two hundred feet long, which, as well as the front of the library, is built of very friable stone, and has rather a heavy effect. The inside is very commodious and magnificent, and will hold ninety thousand volumes; there is a gallery round it supported by pillars of Irish oak, the balustrades of which are adorned with busts in white marble, of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, Demosthenes, Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Boyle, Swift, Archbishop Usher, who contributed largely to the library, the Earl of Pembroke, Dr. Delaney, Dr. Lawson, Dr. Gilbert, who also bequeathed a great number of books, and Dr. Baldwin. The number of books and MSS. in this room is seventy thousand.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BARRETT.

At the farther end is another room, which is not yet opened, in which is the celebrated library of Baron Fagel from Holland: the books are not yet arranged; some of them are most beautifully illuminated. I had the pleasure of being attended by the librarian, Dr. John Barrett, one of the most learned men in Ireland. It is said that the doctor has scarcely ever passed the gates of the college for twenty years, and that he has perused most of the volumes of this vast library, which I think infinitely finer than the celebrated one at Upsala in Sweden. This valuable depot of learning owes its preservation to a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic of the name of Moore, who being a lover of letters, and having a liberal and expanded mind, when the fellows and scholars were forcibly expelled by the ruffian soldiers of James II. on account of a most honourable and firm resistance to a most foul and infamous mandamus, contrived to get himself nominated provost, and thus preserved this literary treasure from the ravages of those armed Vandals. In the museum there is scarcely any thing worthy of notice. In the anatomy-house there is a curious collection of figures properly labelled, representing women in every stage of parturition, formed of wax upon real skeletons: they occupied the whole life of a very ingenious French artist, and as appears from a tablet, were purchased by Lord Shelburne, and by him presented to the university. This part of the building stands in a noble piece of ground, laid out in walks for the recreation of the students, which was formerly the grand parade of all the belles and beaux of the city. It was near the spot on which the college stands, that Henry the Second, when he went to Dublin, was lodged in a *palace of wicker-work and wattles.*

The number of students is about five hundred. Ever since the year 1311, various attempts were made to establish an university in Dublin, which were all rendered abortive till 1585, when Sir John Perrot, the Lord Deputy, endeavoured to raise

two universities out of the ruins of the cathedral of St. Patrick, which Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, successfully opposed, deeming the alienation a sort of sacrifice; yet convinced of the necessity of such a foundation, he prevailed upon the mayor and citizens in common council to grant the Augustine monastery of All Saints within the suburbs for erecting a college. This grant was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth in 1591, who endowed it with lands in Ulster, and the stream of royal bounty was afterwards enlarged by James I. and his devoted successor, the former of whom presented to it the patronage of fifteen church-livings in the same province, to whom they escheated by the rebellion of O'Neill: and strange to relate, the college contains neither bust nor portrait of either of the latter royal patrons.

The government of the whole of this learned body is invested in the provost and senior fellows alone. The present provost is the reverend Dr. Hall, a divine distinguished for the depth of his learning, and the purity of his morals. The situation is worth about 1500l. per annum. The provost has also a casting voice upon all matters relating to the college. The average income of a senior fellow is about 800l. a year; and that of a junior fellow, including lodgings, commons, and lectures, about 100l. per annum, which is frequently increased by pupils to a considerable income. The fellows of Trinity college, by a stupid and unnatural clause in the college-charter, are restrained from marriage; or if they taste of connubial happiness, their ladies are under the whimsical necessity of retaining their maiden names, until a dispensation is procured from the King.

The qualifications for a junior fellowship are most unreasonably numerous; and few can pass the ordeal of a three days' examination, which presupposes a knowledge of astronomy, mathematics, ethics, physics, logic, chronology, history, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and the whole circle of arts, sciences, and classics. Even Swift obtained his degree in this college *speciali gratiâ*.

IRELAND, THE ANCIENT SEAT OF SCIENCE.

An absurd fashion induced the Irish nobility and gentry to send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge; as if the seat of learning in which a Swift, a Burke, a Grattan, and a Curran, had been reared, were incapable of bestowing upon the mind an adequate proportion of erudition. This custom, which cannot be too much reprehended, is gradually submitting to a more enlarged and liberal mode of thinking In ancient times, the venerable Bede says, " that many noble English, and others of inferior rank, were in the habit of going to Ireland to cultivate

letters; and many of those who attended the lectures of celebrated teachers were received by the Irish, and supplied with food, books, and instruction, without any recompence."

The Provost's house is adjoining the College, although it does not sufficiently appear to be a part of it. It is built of free-stone, and the first story is embellished with icicle and rusticated work: upon the second is a range of pilasters of the Doric order, and in the centre is a Venetian window of the Tuscan order; before the house is a court, enclosed by a rusticated wall. The external appearance of the whole is heavy and gloomy.

The area of which the late Parliament-house, the new Club-house, a handsome edifice of hewn stone, and the College, form two sides, is called College-green, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue in brass of King William, upon a marble pedestal, raised by the citizens of Dublin to commemorate their deliverance from slavery under his auspices, on the 4th of November; on which day in every year a grand military spectacle, at which the viceroy *en gala* assists, is exhibited. This statue is barbarously painted, and the pedestal exhibits all the coarse association of colours which constitutes the most striking ornament of a glazier's shop.

DUBLIN SOCIETY.

I was much gratified by a visit to the Dublin Society of Arts, which is supported by the national spirit of individuals with occasional parliamentary aid. The whole is under the superintendence of General Vallancey, chief engineer of Ireland; author of the Vindication of the ancient History of Ireland; of a Prospectus of a Dictionary of the Irish Language, compared with the Chaldean and Arabic; and many other learned works: under whose auspices more immediately the society has attained a rank and consideration amongst the principal institutions of a similar nature in other countries. Its object is the promotion of those arts that are most propitious to the amelioration of that country. In the hall are several pillars from the Giants' Causeway. In the library are excellent imitations of basso-relievo by De Grey, a promising young Irish artist, from the subject of Ceres and Triptolemus; which bear a strong affinity in names and meaning to the Irish words cairim or cuirim, to sow or plant, and treabtalamh, a plougher of the earth. In a long gallery are several good busts and casts, and at one end is a fine cast of Laocoon, presented to the society by David la Touche, junior, Esq. The original I have seen, as well as the divine statue of the Belvidere Apollo, in the imperial museum at Paris, and give the preference infinitely to the latter. Near the Laocoon is a model of the celebrated bridge of Schaffhausen over the Rhine, which,

notwitstanding the veneration which the French have frequently observed in all their campaigns for works of art, unfortunately fell a victim to the destroying fury of war.

In the Society there are three schools for drawing, engraving, and designing, to each of which fifty boys are admitted. I found several of the young students applying with activity and tolerable success. The drawing-master has a salary of one hundred pounds per annum, and devotes three hours to his pupils three days in the week. Every article necessary for drawing is provided at the sole expence of the Society.

Under the same roof is the Leskeanum Mineral Museum, in which there is a fine collection of fossils, all admirably arranged, and labelled, and catalogued. Amongst them I was much gratified by some very fine wood agates, ships of oak petrified, crystallized water, a pheasant's-eye agate spoon, a beautiful polished milk-white opal enclosing a drop of loose water, some fine spars, several curious petrifactions of fish and plants: it is a memorable circumstance, inasmuch as it tends to fix our faith in divine narration, that the fish and plants so petrified are the native production of regions very remote from those in which they were discovered, and evidently illustrate the marvellous history of the Deluge. There is also a highly curious petrifaction of an arm, brought by General Vallancey from Gibraltar, where, as there are no monkeys, it is presumed that it must be a human one: previous to this discovery, animal petrifaction was much doubted.

In the Numarium is some beautiful stained glass by Richard Hand, an Irish artist of much promise, coloured in 1794. In the Regnum Animale, amongst many precious shells, are specimens of the nautilus, from which wonderful tropical production the Romans first constructed their boats; it is a siphon throughout, and by its valves is capable of raising or depressing itself: Pope offered it the incense of his song:

> " Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
> " Spread the thin web, and catch the driving gale."

If I pass over Venus's cockle without paying my homage to the beautiful shell, may I never love or be loved! This is one of Nature's happiest efforts, and is exhibited as a great and precious rarity. There are also some horns which belonged to the moose deer, a race of animals which are now extinct in Ireland, dug out of bogs; several Irish minerals of great richness and beauty with which Ireland abounds, and specimens of gold from the mine of the Wicklow mountains.

The exhibition room is about seventy feet long, thirty broad,

and twenty-five high; the room was under repair, and excepting some dogs by Quadel, there was little in it worthy of notice. In the model room were a great number of ingenious models of mills, ploughs, &c. There are four professors attached to this society, viz.—1. of chemistry and mineralogy, at a salary of 300l. per annum, at present filled by Mr. Higgins.—2. Of botany, 300l. per annum, Mr. Wade.—3. Of experimental philosophy, 100l. per annum, Mr. Lynch.—4. Of the veterinary art, 50l. per annum, and house-rent allowed at 66l. Dr. Peele.

Each professor gives a course of lectures annually. The annual expenditure, including premiums, is 7000l. The society has a botanical garden, near a small village called Glassnevin, about one mile from Dublin, in which there is a large collection of indigenous plants, &c. The annual expenditure is about 1700l.; head-gardener's salary is 100l. per annum; three under-gardeners at 50l. each per annum, and twelve labourers, are constantly employed.

LADIES' LEGS.

As I am no botanist, I beg leave, says Mr. C. to quit shrubs and flowers for beauties of another and far more interesting nature. As I returned to my hotel, my eye naturally endeavoured to ascertain the truth of an assertion made by a writer, who has justly rendered himself obnoxious by his want of candour or of observation, in his celebrated critique upon the legs of the Irish ladies: the day was singularly favourable, for the wind was fresh and the atmosphere was clear, and the belles of Dublin were enjoying the beauty of the weather. With all the solemnity due to the subject, I am ready to swear, upon the altar of Cupid, or any other altar, that the ancles and feet which I saw were as tapering and as pretty as the ancles and feet of the belles of London, or even of Stockholm, although not so numerous as in the latter city, where they are to be found in great perfection; and that the assertion of the writer alluded to is a most foul and slanderous libel upon those beautiful portions of the female frame, and which, if time has not chilled the feelings of the libeller, ought for ever to be withheld from his sight. If pretty feet do not abound in Ireland, it is only because they do not abound in any other country: being a part of female beauty, it partakes of its rarity. Had this writer been making the tour of a county in England which I well know, and had he been present at the following scene which occurred there, he would, with equal precision, have made a memorandum, that all the women of England had thick legs. An English young lady just married, being much oppressed by the heat of a ball-room, fainted; a gentleman offered to assist her husband, who held her in his arms, to remove her into the open air, and stooped to

raise her legs from the ground; upon which the husband, with much truth and great calmness of consideration, said, "My dear sir, let me recommend you to leave them alone, for you will find them very heavy."

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

In walking in the streets of Dublin, a stranger is much struck by observing so many churches without steeple, tower, or dome, the want of which renders this magnificent city of little consequence to the eye at a distance. I was much gratified with the Royal Exchange, which stands opposite to Parliament-street and Essex-bridge. It is nearly a square, with three fronts of Portland-stone in the Corinthian order, surmounted by a dome in the centre of the building. The principal front has a range of six columns with correspondent pilasters and entablature, which support a richly decorated pediment; and, in the same range, are two pilasters on each side. A spacious flight of steps ascends to the front, in which, between the columns, are three entrances, with elegant iron gates fastened to Ionic pilasters. Over the gates are three windows which light the coffee-room, and on each side are two others very handsomely decorated. The inside is singularly elegant. The dome is supported by twelve composite fluted columns, the entablature over which is very beautiful. The ceiling of the dome is embellished with stucco ornaments in the mosaic taste. Between two of the columns is a bronze statue of his present Majesty, said to have cost 700 guineas; its size and situation are not favourable to it. Every visible part of the inside of this building is of Portland-stone. There are several noble apartments above, which I now regret I did not visit; for this edifice, although too small for the comfortable accommodation of its visitors, is a beautiful specimen of the architectural taste of the country.

This building was designed by Mr. Cooley, commenced in the year 1769 during the viceroyalty of Lord Townsend, opened in the beginning of the year 1779, and cost about 50,000l. which sum was raised by lotteries, under the spirited and able management of the merchants and bankers of Dublin, to whose humanity, zeal, and munificence, the city is indebted for many of her public buildings, which would do honour to the taste and feelings of any country. Having thus spoken of the construction of this building, it is but just that I should make one comment upon the singular situation, not only of this elegant pile, but almost of every other public building of consequence in Dublin. Some of them project obliquely from the street of which they form a part of the side; yet, strange as it may appear, the effect is not unpleasant: the access to others is very bad and inconvenient; and there are some which, if they terminate a street, or the view

of one, present only three parts of their front to it: the latter is nearly the case with the Royal Exchange: however, this coy appearance is not without its comfort; for a foot-passenger is not obliged to contend with the mud of the middle of the streets, and to run the hazard of having his brains knocked out by the pole of a carriage, to obtain a full view of the building: by walking quietly and cleanly on the pavement, he will be able to command the centre; and, for this purpose, the closer he presses himself against the side of the street, and the nearer he advances towards the building, by so much the better will his eye be gratified: many of the streets are out of the line with those which form their continuation.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Genius, which consecrates whatever it touches, induced me to pay an early visit to St. Patrick's Abbey, the depositary of the ashes of Swift: this venerable pile stands in one of the most squalid and filthy parts of the town, called the Poddle. The cathedral, in rainy seasons, is frequently laid twelve feet under water, and part of the inside is supported by props and scaffolding. It was built in 1190, upon the scite of an ancient parochial church, said to have been erected by St. Patrick. There is only one choir, which sings at St Patrick's, Christ's church, and the College chapel. It is a remarkably fine one, and consists of nine singers, the principal of whom are Sir John Stevenson, well known for his fine musical genius and exquisite composition, and Mr. Spray. Their labours are a little severe: they sing at the College at ten o'clock every Sunday; from thence they repair to Christ's church at half past eleven; afterwards, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they sing at St. Patrick's, and repair to Christ's church again at six.

SHOPKEEPERS.

Many wealthy people in Dublin owe their present flourishing condition to their ancestors having been benefited by Dean Swift's charitable bank, who out of the first five hundred pounds he could call his own, accommodated poor tradesmen with small sums from five to ten pounds, to be repaid weekly at two or four shillings without interest.

The deanry so celebrated for the residence of Swift has been pulled down, and another erected upon its scite; and the palace of the Archbishop of Dublin is converted into barracks. Both these houses are situated in a close neighbourhood, with a collection of more mud, rags, and wretchedness, than London can exhibit in its most miserable quarters.

THE BLACK-ROCK, AND BAY OF DUBLIN.

From the Poddle I waded to my hotel. I mounted a jingle at the great jingle-stand, at the corner of Bagot-street; and, after passing several beautiful villas, I reached a town called the Black-rock, about four miles from Dublin: this town, like Richmond with respect to London, is the great summer Sunday attraction of the lower class of the good citizens of Dublin.

The proximity of this great capital to the sea gives it an enviable advantage in point of salubrity, as well as beauty. Whilst the inhabitants of most of the capitals are obliged, if health require a marine visit, to travel to a considerable distance, with much inconvenience to their business or pursuits, the Dublin people can, in their own shops, inhale the sea-breeze, and have it in their power, by rising a little earlier in the morning, to bathe in the sea, without any disarrangement of their occupations in life.

MARTELLO TOWERS, &c.

Before I approached the Black-rock, which lies to the south of the city, the bay of Dublin superbly opened to the view: it was a vast expanse of water, blue and placid as a mirror, rippling only as its flow increased upon the shores; and, at a distance, melting into the cloudless sky which it reflected. The sails of vessels, faintly discernible, alone directed the eye to the tender line of its horizon. In front, the hill of Howth re-appeared in all its majesty, the craggy sides of which the softening hand of distance seemed to have covered, as it were, with a russet robe; whilst, at the end of a long white line, projecting far into the sea, the Light-house rose, and resembled a figure of white marble rising out of the ocean: a more beautiful scene the eye never reposed upon. At low water, the sands along the Black-rock, which are very compact, afford a sea-side ride for several miles. Upon the sides of this coast is a long chain of equidistant martello towers, which, if they have been constructed to embellish the exquisite scenery by which they are surrounded, the object of building them has been successful; and the liberality of the late administration cannot be too much commended for having raised so many decorations of picturesque beauty at the cost of several thousands of pounds, to gratify the eyes of the passengers of every packet sailing in and out of the bay, at a period when the prosperity of the country is so forcibly illustrated by the trifling amount of its debt. I believe it would require the inflamed imagination of the hero of Cervantes, to discover one possible military advantage which they possess, placed as they are at such a distance, on account of the shallowness of

the bay, from the possibility of annoying a hostile vessel.—As it happened in this neighbourhood, I may here mention a little occurrence, which illustrates the habits of the lower orders of the people. At a house where I was, the cook had, for some time past, relieved the exertions of culinary toil by copious libations of that *liqueur*, so dear to the common Irish, commonly called whiskey, or "the crature:" this indulgence grievously disordered the arrangements of the kitchen. A service of *twenty-four years*, in a family too gentle to punish a frailty with severity, pleaded strongly for the offender; and, instead of being dismissed, she was sent to the lodge, under the care of the gate-keeper, until she had recovered her sobriety. Upon an appearance of penitence, her master sent her to her priest (for she was a Roman Catholic), who, at the next confession, granted her absolution, upon condition that she would abstain from whiskey for one whole year.

The Black-rock and its neighbourhood are filled with the most elegant country-houses, gardens, and plantations, more numerous, and far more beautiful and picturesque than the villas of Clapham-common, to which it may in some respects be compared, and the inhabitants are very elegant and sociable. The land is very rich and valuable, and lets *from ten to twenty-five pounds an acre*. Near the Black-rock, in Still-organ park, is a noble obelisk, upwards of one hundred feet high, supported by a rustic basement, having a double staircase on each side, leading to a platform which surrounds the structure. It was erected in the year 1739 by Lord Carysfort, for the purpose of affording employment and support to the neighbouring poor in a very severe winter. The view from it is superb; and its history, which is traditionary only (for, with the characteristic of true charity, it has no inscription to tell the name of its bountiful founder), excites in the mind of a stranger an impression highly favourable to the beneficent spirit of the Irish nation. In other places in Ireland, I have seen similar monuments, which have been raised from the same benevolent motive.

IRISH DRAWING-ROOMS.

In the neighbourhood of the Black-rock, and in other parts of Ireland, I saw a taste in building displayed, which is rarely exhibited in England. The drawing-room frequently opens through a large arch, elegantly festooned with drapery, into a green-house, or rather another room of glass, which is filled with rare plants and beautiful flowers, tastefully arranged, round which are walks finely gravelled, and at night the whole is lighted up by patent reflectors, and has a singularly beautiful appearance.

NEWGATE OF DUBLIN.

Upon my return to town, I visited the new gaol called Newgate, which is not shewn without a special order or letter from a magistrate. This building is erected on the north side of the city, the foundation-stone of which was laid by Lord Amaly, lord chief justice of the Court of King's Bench, on the 28th October, 1773, and the whole was designed and built by Mr. Cooley, and cost about sixteen thousand pounds. It is a large quadrangular building, extending 170 feet in front, and about the same in depth: the sides are of lime-stone, and the front of mountain-stone rusticated, and at each external angle is a round tower. On the left side of the entrance is the guard-room, and to the right are the gaoler's apartments. A little beyond the gate-way is a door that leads to the press-yards; one of them, on the left hand, is for the men, from which there is a passage to the apartment in the east front, for those who turn evidence for the crown, and adjoining is a large room for the transports. The cells are in the felons' squares, communicating with the press-yards. There are twelve cells on each floor, with a staircase to each side. Before the cells is a gallery, terminated by the privies. In the prisoners' yards are two common halls, where they are allowed to walk, and to have fires in the winter. The condemned cells are below the east front. Water is conveyed to the different cells by an engine, from a cistern in the centre of the south side: and on each side of the cistern is the infirmary, in which, as in every other part of the building, the sexes are separated. Over the entrance is the chapel, which communicates with the "Gallows-room," in which is a windlass and machinery for raising or depressing the bodies of criminals when they are executed, which awful ceremony takes place on the outside of a grated window, even with the floor, in the centre of the front of the building, which opens upon a grating or platform of iron bars, projecting over the street, having a railing about breast-high: about nine feet above this platform is a long cross-bar of iron resting upon two projecting bars; over the centre of the cross-bar the axe of the law is represented in iron, and below it two pullies are fixed, through each of which a cord runs from the windlass upon pullies, and which cord is fastened to the fatal halter: upon a signal given, the executioner pulls a lever, which detaches the bolt of the grating or platform upon which the malefactor stands, who, upon its falling down upon its hinges, becomes suspended with a sudden jerk, which frequently shortens the agonies of death. Upon this machine only two criminals can be executed at the same time. As long as a mode of putting capital offenders to death, so cruel and pro-

crastinating as that of hanging, is resorted to, the construction of the fatal apparatus in the gaols in Dublin, and other parts of Ireland, appears to be the best for that purpose.

The prisoners in the Newgate of Dublin were comparatively few, and I did not see one of them on the felon side in irons; a circumstance which must be thought highly creditable to the humanity of those who have the superintendence of the prison

DUBLIN CASTLE.

I was somewhat disappointed in viewing the Castle, the town palace of the viceroy, and his court. This building was commenced in the year 1205, and finished in 1213, under the auspices of Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Justice of Ireland: it afterwards went to decay, and the chief governors were obliged to keep their court at St. Sepulchre's, Kilmainham, and St. Thomas's Abbey. History says that in the reign of John it was a place of considerable strength, moated and flanked with towers. It was not used for the viceroy's palace till the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The upper castle-yard, the principal part of the building, where the viceregal apartments are, is an oblong square, and much resembles, in gloom and unroyal-like appearance, the palace of St. James's. In the southern range is a neat edifice, called the Bedford Tower, having a front decorated with a small arcade of three arches, surmounted by an octagon steeple, with a cupola. This tower fronts the viceroy's apartments, and is connected with the building on each side by two gates, upon which are two handsome statues of Justice and Fortitude. These statues are worthy of notice, more on account of their rarity, than their superior excellence; for Dublin is certainly very defective in statuary. Birmingham Tower, at the western extremity of the Castle, remained until the year 1775, when it was taken down, and rebuilt in 1777, and is now called Harcourt Tower. It was formerly a state prison; at present the ancient records of Ireland are kept in it. The keeper of these archives in the viceroyalty of the Earl of Wharton was his secretary, the celebrated Addison, for whom the salary of the office was raised from 10l. to 500l. per annum. I did not see any thing worthy of much admiration in the viceregal apartments. The council-chamber is a good-sized room, but little embellished; and the throne is not so shabby as some of those seats of majesty to be seen in the palaces in England. St. Patrick's Hall is a noble room, and its ceiling has been lately painted with appropriate allegorical subjects by an ingenious artist named Waldre. The parliament and courts of justice were formerly held in the Castle till the rebellion of 1641, and from thence to the Restoration. In the

building containing the grand entrance to the Castle, are the apartments of the master of the ceremonies, and other officers of state.

It was at the gate of the Castle over which the statue of Justice appears, during the tumults in Thomas-street in the year 1803, that the amiable daughter of the upright and enlightened Lord Kilwarden presented herself to the guard stationed there, half distracted with the horror of having seen her father and cousin, the reverend Mr. Wolfe, torn from their carriage by a set of desperadoes, and mortally pierced by her side with pikes. For some time the soldier on duty, observing her without shoes, covered with mud, her frenzied eye and faultering voice, regarded her as a maniac. It was the first information of this insurrectional movement which the government received, or having received, regarded. In the lower Castle-yard are the treasury and other offices, and near them are buildings for keeping military stores, and an arsenal and armory for 40,000 men.

The style of living of the viceroy combines ease with majesty. His levees are entirely governed by his will and pleasure. He has generally one morning levee in the week, at which the viceroy, and those who have the honour of being introduced to him, appear in morning dresses. Upon state occasions he moves with body guards, and is attended by his pages, aide-de-camps, and officers of his household. His principal place of residence is in the Phœnix-park, distant about one mile and a half from Dublin.

THE BRIDGES IN DUBLIN.

After quitting the Castle, as the day proved very fine, I mounted a jingle, and took an airing on the circular road which surrounds the city, and has been made on the scite of the old Danish wall, formerly erected for the protection of the capital: the view almost every where on this superb road is delightful, and well worthy of a stranger's early attention. The bridges which cross the river Liffey at Dublin, of which there are seven, are very handsome; as they very soon attracted my notice, it may be as well to describe them all here. The most beautiful is Sarah's bridge, so called from Sarah, Countess of Westmoreland, who on the 22d June, 1795, laid its foundation-stone; it stands near the Phœnix-park, at the western end of the city, has one arch, extends 360 feet, and is 38 feet broad: the arch is an ellipsis, whose span measures 104 feet, which is 12 feet wider than the Rialto at Venice: the key-stone is 22 feet above high-water mark; and its breadth on the top within the parapets or plinths 38 feet, including two flagged foot-ways of six feet on each side. Near this bridge stood Island-bridge, built by

Queen Elizabeth in 1577; and hence Sarah bridge is called by some of the inhabitants Island-bridge. Barrack-bridge, formerly called Bloody-bridge, was built in 1671, being originally constructed of wood; four persons lost their lives in endeavouring to pull it down: it is not worthy of farther notice. Queen's-bridge stands upon the scite of Arran-bridge, and was finished in 1768. It has three arches, is 140 feet in length, with flagged foot-passages, stone balustrades, and ornamental decorations, in a style of considerable taste; the whole was executed under the inspection of General Vallancey. The old bridge is a crazy, dirty, wretched pile of antiquity, and was rebuilt in 1428; the sooner it shares the fate of its former hoary brother, called Ormond-bridge, which fell before the floods of December 1803, the better. Essex-bridge is very beautiful; it was commenced in 1753, under the direction of Mr. George Semple: it is Westminster-bridge in miniature, which, upon a reduced scale, it resembles in every stone. The spans of the middle arches are to each other as three to five; their length as one to four.

Carlisle-bridge stands in a noble situation, and concentrates in one view the finest parts of Dublin; it has three arches, the centre is 48 feet wide: the length of the whole is 150 feet, and its breadth between the balustrades 60 feet, which is wider by 10 feet than Westminster-bridge. The approach to it on either side is gradual. The arches are executed with bright mountain-granite, and the cornice balustrade at top, with part of the piers, are composed of Portland-stone, and form a contrast by their different tints. The structure is a noble one, and the whole was designed and executed by Mr. Gandon, to whose taste and genius the city is much indebted. The highly-merited celebrity of this gentleman induces me, with great deference, to observe, that I think this bridge would be improved by the removal of the four obelisks, which are placed at each end of the sides as ornaments. From this bridge the passenger has a fine view of the shipping and Custom-house; and from its south, the portico of the House of Lords and the College present a magnificent appearance, and resemble the superb architectural view at the entrance of the Linden-walk in the beautiful city of Berlin, looking towards the opera-house.

The river is seldom enlivened by the appearance of boats: there is a ferry-boat which plies near the ruins of Ormond-bridge. It is in contemplation, I am informed, to embank the sides of the river, through the city, with granite; should this be accomplished, it will be a beautiful improvement, and may perhaps lead to the river being frequented by pleasure-boats.

The largest square in Dublin is St. Stephen's-green, which

is nearly an English mile in circumference. It is a fine meadow, walled and planted with a double row of trees, but is disfigured by a dirty ditch formed on every side, the receptacle of dead cats and dogs. In the centre is an equestrian statue of George the Second, by Van Nort. The houses on each side are most of them very noble buildings; their want of uniformity, owing to the vast space of the area, is not objectionable. If this square were handsomely railed round and planted, and the ditch filled up, it would be one of the most magnificent in Europe.

Mr. Carr continues at some length to describe the hospitals and other subordinate public buildings: his account will be found interesting by the future tourist in Ireland. On the subject of posting he observes, that the regulations are nearly as good as in England, far better than on the continent; and declares that the well known caricature published in London, to represent Irish posting, has no foundation in fact.

The laws of posting in Ireland require that one shilling shall be paid if one or two persons engage a chaise; but if three, then eighteen-pence per Irish mile. Eleven Irish miles are equal to fourteen English. A *lucky* mile means a long one; for the Irish miles vary not a little: why so called I could not learn. "Now, Pat! mind you drive the gentlemen *beautiful*," were the farewel words of the waiter at our hotel, upon which Pat drove us furiously over the stones; whilst the iron steps within, but not fastened, kept dancing all the way to a clatter which rendered our tongues useless, and our ears burthensome, until we had passed the barrier, which was raised, with many others, at the entrance of the city during the rebellion. Soon after which, we saw a beautiful country, and one of the finest broad and level roads I ever travelled upon. Our first stage was to Bray. Our route lay through fine plantations, embellished with elegant houses, and fields and meadows, in which every symptom of good husbandry appeared.

We passed through Dundrum, a very pretty village about three miles and a half from Dublin. Near the four-mile stone is Moreen, a very picturesque situation: it is remarkable for a desperate battle which was fought some centuries since by two neighbouring families, who, having satiated their revenge, very piously erected a church in the valley where the battle was fought; but whether in expiation of their infuriated rage, or to perpetuate the history of it, ancient story does not tell. Not far from Moreen, is the castle and church of Kilgobbin. The frequent recurrence of names of places beginning with *kill*, is not a little alarming to a stranger in Ireland, more especially if he be under the influence of those stupid prejudices which have been excited

against that country. I have just enumerated, in my memory, no less than forty-nine of those *kill* places.

THE SCALP.

The first grand and extraordinary object which me met with was a chasm which some vast convulsion of nature seemed to have formed, by having forced its way through a mighty mountain, and divided it into elevated ridges of detached grey rock and massy stones, which, projecting in a variety of forms, looked ready to roll down, with ruin and havoc in their train, into the valley below, through which the road turned. This wonderful aperture is called the Scalp. Between its craggy slopes, a contrasted level country, well cultivated, gradually swelling at a distance, and closed by the mountains called the Sugar-loaves, pushing their dusky tops into the skies, presented an interesting and very singular view.

As we descended to the beautiful village of Inniskerry, on one side the eye reposed upon rich meadows; on the other, a slope of trees presented a compact shade. Before us, as the road, enlivened by passing peasants, turned over a picturesque bridge, a neat farm-house presented itself; and a village-school, standing in the bottom of the valley, just peeped with its upper windows above the level: whilst a hill, lightly clothed with young wood, extended a rich screen behind. Expressions of delight burst at the same moment from both of us: it was Auburn, in all its pristine loveliness.

As we wished to walk through the Dargle, we alighted from our chaise near a beautiful cottage upon the domains of Lord Viscount Powerscourt, and ordered our driver to go to the principal entrance of the Dargle, about two miles distant. We had scarcely measured one hundred feet from the cottage, before, as we stood upon an eminence, a new world of rural beauty opened upon us, of rich vallies and mountains covered with wood, melting into air; whilst below a serpentine river glistened in the sun, until it lost itself in the Dargle, whither we followed its course. The Dargle is a deep glen, or narrow valley, of about a mile in length: at the entrance where we approached it, opposite to us a beautiful little pleasure-cottage peeped over the ridge of one of the hills which form the green-breasted sides of this glen; it was just discernible in a little plantation which crowned the precipice upon which it stood: this elegant and romantic little summer retreat was raised after the tasteful design of Mrs. Grattan, the lady of the illustrious member of that name, to whom it belongs. As we descended by the paths which have been cut through the woods, new beauties opened upon us. The hill, on the sides of which we stood, and its

opposite neighbour, were covered with trees, principally young oak, projecting with luxuriant foliage from masses of rock half green with moss. Here, concealed by over-arching leaves, the river, like fretful man in his progress through this unequal world, was scarcely heard to ripple; there it flashed before the eye again, as if in anger at its concealment, rolled impetuously over its rocky bed, and roared down a craggy declivity; a little further, having recovered its calmness, it seemed to settle for a while, resembling, in sullen silence and placidity, a dark mirror; then, never destined to long tranquillity, it proceeded, and was again lost in arches of foliage, under which it murmured and died upon the ear.

It was in this spot, under the green roof of native oaks starting from their rocky beds, sequestered from the theatre of that world upon which he afterwards sustained so distinguished a character, that Grattan, when a very young man, addressed the tumultuous waters as his auditory, and schooled himself, like Demosthenes, in that eloquence which was destined to elevate the glory of Ireland with his own.

We lingered for some time in a rustic temple, whose back and seats were formed of intertwisted branches, softened by moss, and whose arches opened upon one of the most favoured spots of the Dargle: it seemed to be suspended, like an aeronautic car, from some vast impending oaks which spread far over it an umbrella of leaves.

We ascended the Lover's-leap, a vast high grey rock, whose base is concealed by sloping trees; it rises higher than any other object, and commands a very extensive view of this verdant scenery, which travellers, who have visited Italy, pronounce to be equal to any spot in that benign climate.

We quitted this scene with mingled emotions of delight and regret, and entering our chaise at the principal gate, proceeded through a rich and romantic country to the

TOWN OF BRAY.

This town, which is near the sea, has a very neat and respectable appearance: it is about eleven miles from Dublin, and stands on the verge of the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, which, as well as the town, are divided by a river abounding with excellent trout. This place has two annual fairs, at which black cattle and sheep, and large quantities of frieze and flannel, are sold; and is much resorted to during the seasons for drinking goats-whey and sea-bathing. It has a church, a Roman Catholic chapel, good barracks, several lodging houses, and, in its neighbourhood, are several elegant country seats. The post-chaises which belong to the pricipal inn here, are the best in Ireland, and

are inscribed, in great letters, with the word "Quinbray," which I thought was the name of the owner; but, upon enquiry, I found that he was only entitled to the first half, and that the other half of the word belonged to the town.

Here we took a fresh chaise, and proceeded to Newry-bridge, where we found an old, but very comfortable inn. Our fish, meat, wine, beds, and waiters, all were good. This spot we made our head-quarters, and strongly recommend them to every future Wicklow wanderer. The first place we visited was Rosanna, the seat of Mrs. Tighe: the house appears to be a comfortable brick mansion; the grounds, abounding with the most beautiful arbutuses, holly, and ash-trees, are perfectly Arcadian.

From Rosanna we proceeded to Glenmore castle, through the most rich and romantic country. The castle, the seat of Francis Synge, Esq. has not yet received the hoary tints of time; some of its battlements were constructing at the time of my visit; but when it is completed, and well coloured by the elements, it will be a fine object. At a little distance it seems to impend over a vast abrupt precipice, from which it commands a superb view of the country, and the entrance of the celebrated Devil's glen, into which we descended through a well-planted shrubbery.

THE DEVIL'S GLEN

Is a valley, the bottom and sides of which are composed of rocks: one side was till lately covered with trees, principally oak; the other was always much denuded, which must have afforded a fine contrast. At the further end, the river Vartrey, after violent rains, falls with astonishing fury from a height of 100 feet, and runs through the glen amongst the rocks that compose its bottom. During the rebellion, these unfrequented depths frequently afforded shelter and concealment to its routed followers. Groups of such figures must have augmented the gloomy grandeur of the scene, and rendered it a subject worthy of the pencil of a Salvator.

It was here, and in the neighbouring mountains, that Dwyer, a rebel chieftain, as celebrated as three-fingered Jack, contrived to elude the hot and persevering pursuit of justice for a period almost unexampled. Although the virtue of singular incorruptibility was displayed in a bad cause, yet it loses nothing of its intrinsic value on that account. The remuneration offered by the government for the discovery of this daring chief, who so long hovered near the capital after his followers had been routed and reduced, was very great, and presented a temptation to betray, which in another country would scarcely have been

resisted; but wherever this arch-ruffian avowed himself, and claimed the protection of hospitality, his person was held sacred; and, in the midst of rags and penury, a bribe, which would have secured independence to the betrayer, was rejected with scorn.

MAGNANIMITY OF A PEASANT.

The following little anecdote will prove that magnanimity is an inmate of an Irish cabin. During the march of a regiment, the Honourable Captain P——, who had the command of the artillery baggage, observing that one of the peasants, whose car and horse had been pressed for the regiment, did not drive as fast as he ought, went up to him and struck him: the poor fellow shrugged up his shoulders, and observed, there was no occasion for a blow, and immediately quickened the pace of his animal. Some time afterwards, the artillery officer having been out shooting all the morning, entered a cabin for the purpose of resting himself, where he found the very peasant whom he had struck, at dinner with his wife and family: the man, who was very large and powerfully made, and whose abode was solitary, might have taken fatal revenge upon the officer; instead of which, immediately recognizing him, he chose the best potatoe out of his bowl, and presenting it to his guest, said, "There, your honour, oblige me by tasting a potatoe, and I hope it is a good one; but you should not have struck me a blow is hard to bear."

An Irish cabin, in general, is like a little antediluvian ark; for husband, wife, and children, cow and calf, pigs, poultry, dog, and frequently cat, repose under the same roof in perfect amity. A whimsical calculation sometime since ascertained, that in 87 cabins, there were 120 full grown pigs, and 47 dogs. The rent of a cabin and potatoe plot in the county of Wicklow and neighbourhood, is from one to two guineas: the family live upon potatoes and butter-milk six days in the week, and instead of "an added pudding," the Sabbath is generally celebrated by bacon and greens. In those parts I found the potatoes to be 8s. 4d. the barrel (twenty stone to the barrel) and three quarts of butter-milk for a penny. The price of labour was 6½d. per day.

Insufficiency of provision, which operates so powerfully against marriage in England, is not known or cared about in Ireland; there the want of an establishment never affects the brain of the enamoured rustic. Love lingers only until he can find out a dry bank, pick a few sticks, collect some furze and fern, knead a little mud with straw, and raise a hut about six feet high, with a door to let in the light and let out the smoke; these accomplished, the happy pair, united by their priest, enter their sylvan dwelling, and a rapid race of chubby boys and girls,

soon proves by what scanty means life can be sustained and imparted.

THE POTATOE.

Upon an average, a man, his wife, and four children, will eat 37lbs. of potatoes a day. A whimsical anecdote is related of an Irish potatoe. An Englishman seeing a number of fine florid children in a cabin, said to the father: "How do your countrymen contrive to have so many fine children?" "*By Jasus, it is the potatoe, Sir,*" said he.

The mode of planting potatoes is as follows: The potatoe is cut into several pieces, each of which has an eye: these are spread on ridges of about four or five feet wide, which are covered with mould, dug from furrows on each side, of about half the breadth of the ridge. When they dig out the potatoes in autumn, they sow the ridge, immediately before digging, with bere, and shelter the crop in a pit, piled up so as to form a sloping roof. Potatoes are said to be very propitious to fecundity.

Poor as the cabin is, do not, reader! think that hospitality and politeness are not to be found in it. The power of shewing these qualities, to be sure, is very slender; but if a stranger enters at dinner-time, the master of the family selects the finest potatoe from his bowl, and presents it, as a flattering proof of welcome courtesy.

After a day of high gratification, we returned to Newry-bridge, were we sat down to a couple of delicious fowls, for which, as for poultry of every description, and for its veal, this county is very famous: we had also trout, and excellent wine, particularly port.

In Ireland excellent wine is to be had in the poorest public houses. A friend of mine travelling in that country, came late at night to a little inn, which was so wretched that it had not a single bed for him or his servant, yet, to his surprise, the ragged host produced him a bottle of very fine claret.

After a refreshing repose in clean beds, we rose to renew our rambles. At our breakfast we had excellent honey and eggs; the latter the Irish have certainly the merit of having introduced to the English tables.

Under a cloudless sky, we proceeded to Cronroe, about two miles from Newry, the seat of Isaac Ambrose Eccles, Esq., a gentlemen of fortune, of considerable classical acquirements, and of the most amiable private character; this gentleman has edited three of Shakspeare's dramas, upon a *liberal* and extensive plan. The great natural curiosity of Cronroe is a vast rock, which rises perpendicular from some beautiful woods behind the

houses, to the top of which we ascended, and enjoyed an exquisite prospect of an extensive, undulating, and highly cultivated country, and the sea. One part of the view was enlivened by the busy movements of a crowded fair.

After a display of hospitality, which in Ireland is no novelty, although always charming, we parted with our enlightened host, and proceeded to our chaise, which waited for us in the fair. Here all was bustle; shoes, stockings, hats, pigs, sheep, and horses, were exposed for sale to the best advantage. It is always a source of pleasure to listen to the conversation of the lower Irish; at these places, wit, drollery, or strength of expression, is sure to be the reward of it. "I am very bad, Pat," said one poor fellow, rubbing his head, to another. "Ah! then may God keep you so, for fear of being worse," was the reply.

The approach to Rathdrum, our next stage, was very beautiful: the town has nothing in it worthy of remark.

In order to view completely the beauties of Avondale, formerly the residence of that great patriot the late Sir John Parnell, now inhabited by Lady Wicklow, we ordered our chaise to a spot a few yards out of the high road to Arklow, called the Meeting of the Waters, and walked through this exquisite demesne, which is about a mile beyond Rathdrum: it stands on the banks of the river Avoca, or Avonmore, which signifies, "the great winding stream." The sloping banks, curving with the river, are clothed with a full rich coppice, occasionally ennobled to the view by scattered oak and ash, of stately growth. The mansion is modern and handsome; in front is a beautiful lawn, dotted with clumps of trees gently sloping from a hill crowned with fine beech and spruce firs; there is great variety in the scenery; the rich verdure of meadows or pasture is frequently contrasted with grey romantic rocks, of a great height, covered with old oak, the roots of many of which, from their beds, project one hundred feet perpendicular over the tops of others; whilst the gentle current of the river is frequently broken into foam and cataract, by opposing rock and shattered granite, half-covered with moss. Our walk extended near three English miles through the woods, and every step afforded us some fresh gratification.

When we passed the gate that led out of Avonmore, a new scene of enchantment presented itself at "the Meeting of the Waters," and rivetted us in silent admiration. It was a scene of vallies, whose lofty sides were covered with the most luxuriant foliage, presenting a compact slope of leaves through which neither branch nor trunk of tree could be seen. Upon the top of one of these umbrageous mountains, a banqueting-room or

tower arose, the casement of which brightened by the sun; whilst below, dimly seen through overarching beech-trees, a confluence of streams mingled with the river under the blue mist of approaching evening.

Our road lay through the same exquisite scenery, the effect of which was not injured by the abrupt appearance of two mountains of copper-mine which lie nearly opposite to each other; the savage sterility of these mountains varied by the green, red, and yellow stains of their vitriolic streams, which scantily dripped down their sides, presented a striking contrast to the soft verdure and luxuriant foliage which marked the termination of their desolate features.

By the time we reached Arklow, the night had closed in upon us. Our inn was not the most comfortable in the world, but tolerable; one side of the lower part of it was occupied by a shop, for the sale of groceries, wine, whisky, &c. This union of the characters of shop and inn-keeper, I found very frequent in Ireland. Here we got excellent wine. The waiter assured us that the beds, for we dined in a double-bedded room, were well aired, and added "for one gentleman slept in both of them last night." I thought I had caught a bull for the first time; but upon a moment's reflection I found that the gentleman, after sleeping in one bed, might have been disposed to try the other, and so it proved.

MILITARY DISAPPOINTMENT.

A short distance from the town, we passed by the spot where a very bloody and decisive battle was fought on the 9th of June 1798, against the rebels, who were 27,000 strong, and who were routed, with the loss of 1000 men left dead on the field. A brief account of the particulars, and of a very extraordinary character, who shone in all the splendour of high daring, will, I am sure, be interesting to my readers, as related by the Reverend James Gordon. After speaking of the arrival at Arklow of the Durham fencibles, the rebels being in great force near it, he says, "A few hours after, one of those ludicrous incidents occurred, which, amid the calamities of war, serve to exhilarate the spirits of military men. Two of the officers of this regiment, passing by the house of Mr. O'Neile, in Arklow, where General Needham was quartered, and where a great breakfast was prepared for the general and his guests, were mistaken by a servant for two of the suite, and informed that breakfast was ready for them and their associates. This intelligence being communicated, the Durham officers came instantly in a body, and devoured the whole breakfast." One of them, the writer states, remained behind to settle with the drivers of the carriages in which the regiment had travelled from Dublin, and upon him devolved the

unpleasant situation of hearing the complaints of the general and his officers, who arrived soon after, and found all their breakfast vanished. He then proceeds :

" In some hours, more serious objects engaged the attention of the troops. The rebels, who, after the defeat of Walpole's army on the 4th of June, had wasted their time in burning the town of Carnew, in trials of prisoners for Orangemen, the plundering of houses, and other acts of the like nature, at length collected their force at Gorey, and advanced to attack Arklow on the 9th, the only day in which that post had been prepared for defence. The number probably amounted to 27,000, of whom near 5000 were armed with guns, the rest with pikes, which gave them in some points of view the appearance of a *moving forest*, and they were furnished with three serviceable pieces of artillery. The troops posted for the defence of this, at that time, most important station, consisted of 1,600 men, including yeomen, supplementary men, and those of the artillery. The rebels attacked the town on all sides, except that which is washed by the river. The approach of that column which advanced by the sea-shore was so rapid, that the picket-guard of yeomen cavalry, stationed in that quarter, was in extreme danger : a party of the rebels having entered and fired what is called the fishery, a part of the town on that side, composed of thatched cabins, before they could effect their escape, so that they were obliged to gallop through the flames, while the main body of this rebel column was at their heels. So great was the terror of this troop of yeomen, that most of them stopped not their flight till they had crossed the river, swimming their horses, in great peril of drowning, across that broad stream. The farther progress of the assailants was prevented by the charge of the regular cavalry, supported by the fire of the infantry, who had been formed for the defence of the town, in a line composed of three regiments, with their battalion artillery, those of the Armage and Cavan militia, and the Durham fencibles. The main effort of the rebels, who commenced the attack near four o'clock in the evening, was directed against the station of the Durham, whose line extended through the field in front of the town to the road leading from Gorey. As the rebels poured their fire from the shelter of ditches, so that the opposite fire of the soldiery had no effect, Colonel Skerrett, the second in command, to whom Major-general Needham, the first in command, had wisely given discretionary orders to make the best use of his abilities and professional skill, commanded his men to stand with ordered arms, their left wing covered by a breast-work, the right by a natural rising of the ground, until the enemy, leaving their cover, should advance to an open attack. This open attack

was made three times in most formidable force, *the assailants rushing within a few yards of the cannons' mouths;* but they were received with so close and effective a fire, that they were repulsed with great slaughter in every attempt. The Durham were not only exposed to the fire of the enemy's small arms, but were also galled by their cannon. A piece of these, directed at first much too high designedly, by a soldier taken prisoner by the rebels, of the name of Shepherd, appointed to manage the gun, was afterwards levelled so by Esmond Kyan, a rebel chief, that it broke the carriage of one of the battalion guns, and obliged the left wing of the regiment to shift its ground, by advancing twenty paces, to avoid being enfiladed by the shot. One of the balls carried away the whole belly of a soldier, who yet lived some minutes in that miserable condition, extended on the ground, and stretching forth his hands to his associates." The historian mentions, that General Needham, after riding from post to post, exposed to the enemy's fire, at last came to the determination that a retreat would be the most prudent measure, in the then posture of affairs. The resolution of Colonel Skerrett, on that occasion, saved Arklow, and in the opinion of the writer, the kingdom.

CHURCH-MILITANT FANATICS.

The reply of the colonel to the general, when addressed on the subject of a retreat, was in words to this effect: "We cannot hope for victory otherwise than by preserving our ranks: if we break, all is lost; and for the spirit which I have seen displayed at this awful crisis by the Durham regiment, I can never bear the idea of its giving ground." This magnanimous answer was decisive; and the rebels retired in despair, after having been repulsed in a most furious assault, in which Father Michael Murphy, priest of Ballycannoo, was killed by a cannon-shot, within thirty yards of the Durham line, while he was leading his people to the attack.

Another famous fanatic, Father John Murphy, who figured away in the rebellion, was also supposed to be bullet-proof. This man's journal is curious; it was found on the field of battle at Arklow by Lieutenant-Colonel Bainbridge, of the Durham fencible infantry, and sent by him to General Needham.

"Saturday night, May 26, at 6 A. M., 1798, began the republic of Ireland, in Boulavogue, in the county of Wexford, barony of Gorey, and parish of Kilcormick, commanded by the Reverend Doctor Murphy, parish-priest of the said parish in the aforesaid parish, when all the Protestants of that parish were disarmed; and, among the aforesaid, a bigot, named Thomas Bookey, who lost his life by his rashness. 26. From thence

came to Oulart, a country village adjoining, when the republic attacked a minister's house for arms, and was denied of; laid siege immediately to it, and killed him and all his forces; they the same day burned his house, and all the Orangemen's houses in that and all the adjoining parishes in that part of the country. The same day a part of the army, to the amount of 104 of infantry, and two troops of cavalry, attacked the republic on Oulart-hill, when the military were repulsed with the loss of 112 men, and the republic had four killed, and then went to a hill called Corrigrua, where the *republic* encamped that night, and from thence went to a town called Camolin, which was taken without resistance; and the same day took another town and *sate* of a bishop. At three in the afternoon, the same day, they laid siege to Enniscorthy, when they were opposed by an army of 700 men; then they were forced to set both ends of the town on fire, and then took the town in the space of one hour, and then encamped on a hill near the town, called Vinegar-hill.

" Bryan Bulger,
" Darby Murphy, his hand and pen."

" Dated this 26th."

Some of the rebels who escaped this bloody conflict by which Ireland was saved, in their forcible mode of expressing themselves, said, speaking of the slaughter produced by the soldiery amongst them; " *By Jasus, they mowed us down by the acre.*"

ANECDOTE OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

As it is always a gratifying circumstance to find the military in times of trouble, when their services were wanted, uniting humanity with duty, I cannot restrain the pleasure of inserting what Mr. Gordon has said upon a particular instance of this union. " On the arrival of the Marquis of Huntley, however, with his regiment of Scottish Highlanders, in Gorey (near Arklow), the scene was totally altered. To the immortal honour of this regiment, its behaviour was such as, if it were universal amongst soldiers, would render a military government amiable. To the astonishment of the (until then miserably harrassed) peasantry, not the smallest trifle, even a drink of buttermilk, would any of these Highlanders accept without the payment of at least the full value. General Skerrett, Colonel of the Durham fencible infantry, who succeeded the generous Marquis in the command of that post, observed so strict a discipline, that nothing more was heard of military depredation."

ARKLOW CASTLE.

We saw nothing particularly worthy of notice at Arklow

except the castle, which is ancient and in ruins. The morning after our arrival we crossed the bridge, which has nineteen arches, through which the Avoca flows into the sea, which is close adjoining: it was low water, and a number of fishing-vessels lay on the yellow sands. The learned Bishop Pococke, who has distinguished himself for his Travels in the East, has observed that Arklow, with its sands, steeps, and glens, seen from the promontory, where the prospect has the best effect, presents a striking resemblance to the hill of Mount Sion, at Jerusalem.

After a most delightful drive we crossed a bridge, and returned to the road over which we had passed the preceding day; and, alighting from our chaise, climbed to the summit of one of the copper-mountains, where we saw several hollow squares, like baths, partly filled with divisions, in which plates of iron were deposited, the vitriolic particles of which are attracted by a stream, strongly impregnated with vitriolic water which flows into them, and leaves a sediment of copper. At this mine there were no smelting-houses. I was informed that this mine was not very productive, and is very deleterious to the fish for six miles in the river, which flows in the valley to the sea: indeed, I was informed that a very fine salmon-fishery at Arklow was completely destroyed by the poisonous stream of this mine.

GOLD MINE OF WICKLOW.

As the working of the once celebrated gold mine, which lies at the foot of the mountain Croghan, in this neighbourhood, has for some time past been upon the decline, we did not think it would repay the trouble of visiting it. The discovery of this mine for some time elated the breast of every Irishman: his country promised to become another Peru, and the most precious treasures below seemed ready to augment the prodigal beneficence of nature above. The shepherd left his flock, the husbandman his field, the manufacturer his loom, thousands deserted their homes and occupations, all rural employ was at a pause; and, had not the harvest been previously gathered in at the time of the discovery, a famine must have followed: this hurly-burly was soon restored to order. A detachment from the army arrived, and took possession of the mine in the name of the Crown. The gold was found in marshy spots, in the bed and by the side of a small stream, in a gravelly stratum, and in the clifts of the rock which lie beneath. In the Dublin Society I saw an exact cast of a mass of gold which was found in the mine, weighing twenty-two ounces avoirdupois: it was discovered by eight labourers, before the mine was claimed by the Crown, who agreed to share in the search, and sold it for eighty guineas.

At Rathdrum we took fresh horses and proceeded to Glendaloch (or Glendalough), or the Seven Churches, about five miles off, which had I not seen, I should have deeply regretted.

The whole scene, soon after we quitted Rathdrum, became altered: one might have supposed that an ocean had separated Glendaloch from Avonmore. We found ourselves surrounded by vast mountains covered with brown heath, or more sable peat, whose hard and gloomy summits the rays of the sun, beginning to be obscured, shone upon without brightening: the whole was desolate, gloomy, and sublime.

Immediately after we passed a dark avenue of trees, which led to the ruins of a mansion burnt in the rebellion: it stood at the foot of a mountain; some of the walls, blackened by smoke, remained. The garden was overrun with briars and brambles; not a solitary rose-tree was to be seen, and the plantation was a wilderness. As we gazed upon the melancholy scene, the clouds gathered over our heads: all was silent and mournful. The vast and gloomy glen before us, in the year 1798, afforded shelter and concealment, for a short time, to a body of 25,000 rebels under the command of Dwyer and Hoult. The ruins which we saw marked the residence of a family, which, having excited the vengeance of those miserable and deluded beings, were obliged to fly for their lives.

Near this melancholy monument of insurrectional fury a barrack has been erected, for the purpose of preventing this place from again affording protection to rebels. Passing the barrack, which is stuccoed white, and is wholly out of unison with the dusky scenery in which it is placed, the dark and lofty round tower of Glendaloch, which means the valley of the two lakes, just appeared rising from a plain; whilst behind were stupendous mountains, half-covered with mist and cloud. This awful spot was formerly an episcopal see, and a well-inhabited city, till about 1214, when it was annexed to the diocese of Dublin. Upon its religious edifices falling into decay, it became a place of refuge to outlaws and robbers; and it was not until 1472, that a peaceable and perfect surrender was made of it to the Archbishop of Dublin by friar Dennis White, who had long usurped that see in opposition to the regal authority. Since that period Glendaloch has become a dreary desert.

Stupendous mountains enclose this place on all sides, except to the east. On the south are the mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn, divided only by a small cataract: on the other side of a gloomy dark lake, and opposite to Lugduff, is Kemyderry; between which and Broccagh, on the north side, is a road leading from Hollywood to Wicklow. A cascade called Glaneolabrock descends from a hill at the west end of the upper lake.

This brook, Glendasan-river, St. Kevin's-keeve, and other cataracts, form a junction in the valley, called Avonmore, which is frequently swelled by torrents. The two lakes in the vale are divided from each other by a rich meadow; the rest of the soil is nearly steril. Here and there are some scanty crops of rye and oats. The names Darrybawn, Kemyderry, and Kyle, denote that great forests of oaks, and other timber, clothed the mountains. There is a group of thorns, of a great size, between the cathedral and upper lake, which St. Kevin is said to have planted. It is supposed, from what can now be discovered of the ancient city of Glendaloch, by its walls above, and foundations below, the surface of the earth, it probably extended from the Refeart-church to the Ivy-church, on both sides of the river. The only street now remaining is the road leading from the market-place into the county of Kildare: it is in good preservation, being paved with stones placed edgeways, and ten feet in breadth.

ST. KEVIN'S-KEEVE.

A small stream, called St. Kevin's-keeve, runs on the north side of the Seven Churches to Arklow, and, in its courses, falls into Glendaloch. In this stream weak and sickly children are dipped every Sunday and Thursday before sun-rise, and on St. Kevin's day, on the 3d of June. The tall brown Round Tower, the ivied churches which occupy a level in the valley, the distant sound of cataracts, the stupendous mountains midway magnified by mist, a few miserable cabins crouching at their base, the deep shade upon the valley, are all well calculated to inspire the imagination with religious dread and horror.

Speaking of the tower, Mr. Carr observes, this tower is very perfect, and has a very novel and a very noble appearance. I climbed up to the door, which was about eight feet high, the stone steps of which lay in a pile below, and found the tower completely hollow to the top within. I remarked several apertures, in which I should suppose, the beams, which once supported the stairs or ladders, were fastened. The whole fabric appeared to have the firmness and durability of rock.

Of these roudn towers there are fifty in Ireland; but of their particular use the learned have very much differed. Some consider them as anchorite pillars; and that one of the monks, to increase the pious reputation of his brethren, used always to watch and pray in them; so that the tower acted like a sort of upright tube, or speaking-trumpet, to enable the devotee to hold more perfect conversation with the Deity: others assert, that it was a place of penance, or a purgatorial pillar, in which the penitent was raised according to his crime; others, that it was

a belfry, being called in Irish cloghahd, which imports a steeple with a bell. As the opinions of antiquarians are so various, a plain-minded traveller is more at liberty to exercise his own judgment. All these towers are very near churches, and have been or are covered at the top; below which a little way there are narrow oblong holes, which evidently must have been constructed for the emission of sound: the top of these towers is capacious enough to admit of a bell of the size and shape in fashion in a distant era. The apertures very visible in the tower at Glendaloch, might have supported the principal props of a wooden staircase.

At Ardfert, near Tralle-bay, in the curch-yard of the cathedral there, a round tower formerly stood, which although apparently very firm, fell down some years since; and what is very remarkable, all the stones fell inside, aud formed a pile on the site of the tower.

To this hour, concludes Mr. Carr, in such high sanctity is this place held, that every year, on the 3d of June, great numbers of persons flock to the Seven Churches to celebrate the festival of Saint Kevin.

SUPERSTITIOUS VENERATION.

The veneration entertained by the peasantry, not only here but in every part of Ireland, for the ruins of castles, monasteries, and chapels, is so great, that scarcely any inducement can satisfy the conscience of an Irish labourer to mutilate their remains, even where they are neither useful nor ornamental. This amiable weakness has been singularly protective to the remains of antiquity in Ireland, where, from this reason, there are more of these venerable ruins than perhaps in any other country of the same extent in Europe. In the county of Tipperary alone, there are more than two hundred ruins in fine preservation.

Mr. Carr here introduces a copious extract from Dr. Ledwick's remarks on the antiquities of Ireland, but which in our analysis we shall pass over: it relates to the religious prejudices of the inhabitants towards their ancient edifices.

On arriving at Lugula, the shooting box of P. Latouche, Esq. Mr. Carr makes the following observations on the social disposition of peasants.

In different parts of this tour, we found the peasants very civil and social. If they saw me making a sketch, with an intelligent look, and a smile on their countenance, which prevented their approach from being thought either vulgar or impertinent, they would gently move round me, and examine my drawing; at other times they would ask what a clock it was, for the blended gratification of saying something and seeing a watch; and in the

road I have seen many a little urchin, who was carrying a parcel or letter as a gassoon, keeping up with the chaise for a considerable distance, without ever presuming to get behind, solely for the sake of being in society. These little fellows will frequently carry letters to a distance of forty or fifty miles, for scarcely any other remuneration than a hearty supper and a bad to sleep upon. We returned to Newry-bridge, and set off the next morning for Belle-Vue, another seat of Peter Latouche, Esq. The house is a handsome modern-built mansion; and the grounds, which are elevated, command a fine view of the sea, and are laid out with infinite taste. This noble demesne contains above three hundred acres of improved ground, which about thirty or forty years back was a barren waste, except about ten acres, on which a cabin stood, and half a dozen trees grew.

HUMANE INSTITUTION.

The first object worthy of being seen here, is an institution which does equal honour to the head and heart of Mrs. P. Latouche, a lady who, in a country remarkable for its benevolence, has distinguished herself for the extent and variety of her goodness. A fresh little girl neatly dressed conducted us through a winding walk to an extensive house and offices, built upon the estate, in which eight-and-twenty girls, the daughters of the neighbouring peasants, are clothed, boarded, and educated at the expence of this lady. The education of the girls is confined to useful objects, under the direction of a governess, and they alternately attend to all the domestic economy and arrangements of the house. Since the commencement of the school, several of the girls, having completed their education, have been comfortably married: three of them I learn have been settled in lodges upon the demesne, one of them in a shop established for the benefit of the neighbouring poor, in which every article of clothing, fuel, &c. bought at the best wholesale price, is sold to the poor at a very trifling advance, just sufficient to afford a little allowance to the young shopkeeper.

GROUNDS AND STRUCTURES AT BELLE-VUE.

I believe in England and Ireland the green and hot-houses of Belle-Vue are unrivalled. This palace of glass, which looks as if it had been raised by Aladdin's lamp, is six hundred and fifty feet in length, and includes an orange, a peach, a cherry-house, and vinery, and is filled with the most precious and beautiful plants from the sultry regions of Asia, Africa, and America, which, tastefuly arranged and in the highest preservation, banquet the eye with their beautiful colours, and fill the air with the most voluptuous perfume.

As I was roving through this delicious spot, some steps led me into the chapel: the area of this room is twenty feet square, exclusive of the circular recesses, which are on each side raised by two or three steps, festooned with Egyptian drapery, in one of which the reading-desk is placed, and in the two others the seats for the family: the area is filled with accommodations for the children of the school I mentioned, and the servants of the family; the height of the chapel to the top of the dome is twenty-six feet: the seats are covered with scarlet cloth, the decorations are in the highest style of appropriate elegance, and the entrance opens into the conservatory.

In this room, under the roof of which there is a large ceratonia siliqua edulis, or locust-tree, of the class polygamia and order trioœcia; it is a native of Sicily and the coasts of the Mediterranean, and covers sixty-four feet of the wall. There is also another locust-tree, a native of Jamaica, called the hymenaca courbaril, of the class and order decandria monogynia; and a vast number of plants not long arrived from New South Wales. No expence is spared to make the collection as valuable as possible. Upon the continent I have seen several princely conservatories, but none any where so extensive or so well filled as this surprising range of glass-work. If it be surpassed, it is only by the celebrated winter-garden in Prince Potemkin's palace at Petersburgh, and by that only in its prodigious magnitude.

A serpentine ascending walk conducted us to a Turkish tent, from which there is a magnificent prospect, and thence to a banqueting-room, which impends over the summit of a high mountain, from which there is a fine view of the Glen of the Downs, a great pass between two long ranges of mountains covered with wood; and below, the vale narrows into a passage just capable of admitting a road, and a stream which runs along the side of it. This view is monotonous, and wants relief; it is more grand than beautiful. From the mountains we descended into the road where our chaise was waiting, and found on one side, at the bottom, a most romantic cottage *à la Suisse*, designed and furnished with great appropriate taste by Mrs. Latouche. A little rustic bridge of pine branches is thrown over a clear stream, which at this place has a gurgling descent; a colonnade of the trunks of trees marks that part of the dwelling in which the cottager lives; a walk round a casement diamond-cut window conducts to a delightful room, fitted up, in a style of rural simplicity, with every accommodation for the enjoyment of a few retired hours in the sultry heat of summer; and a mountain arises immediately behind, overhanging it with trees.

DRY LODGINGS.

Upon some of the cabins in our road to Dublin, says Mr. Carr, I read upon a board fixed over the door, "Dry lodgings," which inscription I was informed does not mean that the beds to be let there are free from damp, but that lodgings only, and no spirituous liquors, are to be had. They were a sort of ditch Hummums. In some of the cabins where milk is sold, a *white* rag, fixed upon a pole, figuratively announces that milk may be purchased within. We returned to the capital in time for dinner, much delighted with our Wicklow excursion. In the course of this tour, and afterwards, I made several enquiries whether it were true that Ireland is not infested with venomous animals, and in what particulars it differed from other countries in its animate and inanimate character; and was informed, by authorities which I could not doubt, that Ireland has neither snakes, toads, vultures, moles, or mole-crickets; and it is gravely asserted that there were no frogs till King William the Third landed. In Ireland there is no chalk. The moisture of the climate is said to be fatal to venomous animals.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Sir William Petty took great pains, and was the first to ascertain the fact of the agitation of the air in Ireland being greater than it is in England. He says, "That the rain which fell in Dublin in October 1663, compared with that which fell in London, was as twenty to nineteen; but that the windiness of the same month at Dublin was twenty, and at London only seventeen." Humid as the climate of Ireland is, agues and dropsies are not very common; and one of the first physicians in Ireland informed me, that he knew of no disease which could be considered peculiar to Ireland. According to Smith's History of Cork, the quantity of rain which falls in that city is, upon an average, twice as much as the quantity that falls in London; and Mr. Young states, that he kept a diary of the weather from the 20th of June to the 20th of October, and out of 122 days there were 75 of rain, and many of them were very heavy. And he adds, that he had examined similar registers in England, and could find no year in which such a moisture occurred; and that according to the information that he received, the wet season generally set in about the 1st of July, and continued till September or October, when there was usually a dry, fine season for a month or six weeks. Doctor Rutty, after remarking in his Meteorological Observations, that the south-west wind was the most violent that prevailed in Ireland, observes,

that from a register of the weather for forty-three years, he found the fair days in Ireland were not a third of the year; whilst in England the dry days are nearly two to one.

During my stay in Ireland, I found part of the summer and the autumn without much rain, and the winter was very mild. This moisture of climate is attributed to the exposure of Ireland to the Atlantic Ocean, in which state it operates as a screen to Englanp; and to this almost constant moisture may be attributed the vivid verdure of the fields and meadows of Ireland. The low Irish are, from habit, much attached to this sort of climate, and are as thankful for a shower of rain as if they were amphibious. I should think the general climate of Ireland to be nearly similar to that of Devonshire, perhaps more genial. In the county of Wicklow there are many fine myrtles remaining in the open air all the year round. In Devonshire I have seen much finer; but that must be owing to a greater degree of attention being paid to them.

FRUIT, ROADS, &c.

The climate of Ireland is so salubrious, that we find, by history, those plagues which so much devastated England, but rarely reached Ireland. The leaves seldom fall till November. From the almost constant motion of its atmostphere, and the balmy softness of it, Ireland has been, for ages past, called "the Land of Zephyrs." It was also termed, on account of the beauty of its verdure, "the Green Island of the West," and "the Emerald Isle." The inferiority of the flavour of fruit in Ireland may be attributed to the moisture of its climate: peaches which grow in the open air seldom come to perfection: but the south produces excellent apples, and the Irish gooseberry is remarkably fine.

In the course of this tour, I was much surprised, as I have mentioned, to find the Irish so far before us in the beauty and durability of their roads, which are surpassed only by those of Sweden. I do not speak of their turnpike-roads; for I afterwards, in the north, found them to be, few as they are, miserably bad.

One great cause of the roads in Ireland enduring so long when once constructed, is owing to there being no ponderous waggons, or other heavy carriages, to cut them into ruts, except the few mails and stage-coaches, which are scantily established in different parts of the country. The cars, which are alone used for the conveyance of articles, are too light, and their wheels too broad in proportion, to do any injury. A common car generally weighs about 2 cwt. 2 qrs. and 4 lbs., and a common English waggon, with nine-inch wheels, from 55 cwt. to three tons. The usual

mode of making a road in Ireland is, by throwing up a foundation of earth in the middle, from the outsides, by placing a layer of lime-stone on this, broken to about the size of an egg, by scattering earth over the stones to make them bind, and by throwing over the whole a coat of gravel when it can be had.

Speaking of the church-yards in Ireland, Mr. Carr makes a comparison very unfavourable to those of our own country. He says, that there are in the sister island scarcely any of those pious puns, ridiculous elegies, and solemn conundrums with which the asyla of the dead are here disgraced.

Ireland is not only our superior in roads, but eminently in that decorum and good sense which prevent the asylum of the dead from becoming the ordinary lounging-place of the halting traveller, who, in England, well knows that almost every church-yard will furnish him, whilst his fowl is killing and roasting for his dinner, with an abundant and right merry feast of pious puns ridiculous elegies, and solemn conundrums.

LITERARY PASSION OF THE IRISH.

A stranger of any observation, says Mr. Carr, cannot remain many days in Dublin, without noticing the uncommon thirst for literature which prevails in that city, as well as in the country at large. No country of its size, since the times of the Grecian states, ever produced more brilliant geniuses and profoundly learned men than Ireland: many of whom have been transplanted to England, and having there again taken root, and added to the strength and beauty of the land, have been regarded by common fame, as the rich production of its native growth. An example so brilliant has had its effect upon every humble member of the community of letters. Every one in Ireland wishes to be thought entitled to a seat in the circle of the *beaux esprits*; and very small is the number of those, in the respectable class of life, who have not been the happy authors of a sprightly pamphlet, a facetious song, or pointed epigram, so as to be noticed for their literary success as they pass along the streets. Judges, bishops, barristers, bankers, army-agents, clerks in office, all are writers, and have contributed, by solid information or playful pleasantry, to the augmentation of learning, or of adding a few white days to the calendar. In compositions of sprightliness and fancy, the Irish much resemble the French. A literary subject is supreme and paramount to all business, which I have several times, in different societies in Dublin, seen sustain a temporary pause, until the merits of a song, the most favourite and successful of the minor literary productions of Dublin, have been canvassed and appreciated.

Considering how strong this literary disposition is, a stranger

cannot help expressing his surprise, to find such a paucity of literary societies, and of periodical literary publications. In Dublin there are only two of the former; the Royal Irish Academy, which has declined since the death of that polished ornament of his country, Lord Charlemont, and the Historical Society in Trinity College.

The daily newspapers in Dublin are, Freeman's Journal, Hibernian Journal, and Saunders's News-Letter. The evening papers are, the Dublin Evening Post and the Evening Herald, both of which, with Faulkner's Journal and the Telegraph, are published three times in the week. When I was at Dublin there was no Sunday paper; if such a print were well conducted, I should think it would answer.

Mr. Carr here introduces the following justification of the Irish for their hospitality, in opposition to the English prejudices. This generous spirit, so pregnant with every social virtue, is proverbially Irish, and has been so often commented upon, that, if my feelings would permit, I should have been content with the pleasure of thinking of it, without making a comment upon a subject which has been so frequently the object of merited eulogium. When I landed in Ireland, too many of those prejudices, which the fallacious delineations of malignant or stupid tourists had excited, clung about me. I had not inhaled the air of that country long before they dropped off, and no doubt retired with those venomous animals which have been most happily expatriated by the good apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick: but neither that tutelar saint, nor the soft moisture of the climate, had any share in their removal; they fled before the genuine character of the people. A stranger will always find it more easy *to get in, than to get out* of the house of an Irishman. Before the middling classes of society became refined, the spirit of hospitality was the same; but, like a good melon, it appeared under a rough covering: hence it was usual to force the bottle, and nail up the door, with barbarous conviviality. I cannot help expressing my regret that English prejudices have been sometimes strengthened even by the representations of Irishmen, arising from chagrin, or some worse motive. There is a saying amongst them, that "Put one Irishman on the spit and another will turn it."

IRISH ECONOMY.

The tables of the Irish do not differ from ours: the same abundance, style of cookery, order, and elegance, prevail. I once saw a gentleman display an appearance of economy at his table, but it was of Irish growth; he pressed his *champagne* to save his *claret*. The Irish pride themselves on the superiority

of their potatoes, and having introduced them to a great part of Europe; they think that a potatoe grown out of Ireland partakes of the sickly growth of an exotic, and cannot be good.

IRISH POULTRY.

The poultry in Ireland is considered superior to ours; their fowls, I think, are as delicate and high-flavoured as those of Normandy. The dinner-hour is generally six o'clock. An elegant Irish lady will smile to hear how her ancestors lived. "The Irish," says Dr. Ledwich, "had two meals a day; one in winter before day; the other, and principal, late in the evening." Stanihurst must allude to the richer and more civilized, when he tells us they reclined on beds. For Sir John Harrington, writing in 1599, has these words: "Other pleasant and idle tales were needless and impertinent, or to describe O'Neale's *fern-tables* and *fern-forms* spread under the stately canopy of heaven. Their candles were peeled rushes, enveloped in butter or grease, as in other countries they were placed in lamps of oil. They were insatiately fond of swine's flesh, and so abundant was it, that Cambrensis declares he never saw the same in any other country; he notices particularly wild boars. These the northerns esteemed the highest luxury, nor can we wonder at their attracting them to this isle. A guest of O'Neale asked one of his guards, whether veal was not more delicate than pork? 'That,' answered the other, 'is as if you asked me, was you more honourable than O'Neale?' As they did not much broil or roast their meat, it was full of crude juices, and produced the leprosy; a disease very common here formerly, for Munster had many leper-houses: the same has been observed of the people with whom pork was in daily use. They were taught that the bad effects of this, and every other aliment, were effectually corrected by *aqua vitæ*." *Chacun à son goût.* If the *ancient* Irish, says Mr. Carr, were fond of pork half-raw, the fashionable world, in the gay and polished age of Charles II. in England, vied with each other in having a dish of Spanish puppies at their tables.

Mr. Carr takes great interest in refuting every insinuation of former writers, to the prejudice of the Irish. He accordingly contradicts the assertion that the ancient Irish were uncleanly in their persons, and asserts, that they were so remarkably cleanly, as never to rest themselves after fatigue, or sit down to a meal, till they had performed ablutions.

IRISH BREAKFAST.

An Irish breakfast is always a very bountiful one, and contains, exclusive of cold meats, most excellent eggs and honey: at the house of a particular friend I met with the ancient favourite

aliment in Ireland called stirabout, a sort of hasty-pudding made of oat-meal.

CHARACTER OF THE IRISH LADIES.

The ladies of Ireland possess a peculiarly pleasing frankness of manners, and a vivacity in conversation, which render highly interesting all they do and all they say. In this open sweetness of deportment, the libertine finds no encouragement; for their modesty must be the subject of remark and eulogy with every stranger. I have been speaking of the respectable class of female society, but the same virtue is to be found in the wretched mud cabin. The instances of connubial defection are fewer in Ireland, for its size, than any other country of equal civilization. The appeal of the injured husband to the tribunal of the laws is rare. A distinguished advocate at the Irish bar assured me, that for the last six years there have not been more than five actions of *crim. con.* and not so many for the preceding twenty years. Two of those actions were between persons of very unequal situations of life in point of fortune, and were by the bar supposed to have originated in collusion for the hope of gain. The modesty of the Irish ladies is the effect of principle, and not of any coldness in the organization of nature: in no country are the women more fruitful. The husband only feels the tender regrets of love when business tears him from his home: he rarely knows the pang of him,

> "Who doats yet doubts, suspects yet fondly loves."

The instances of ladies "living and dying in single blessedness" are rare in Ireland. I saw only two old maids, and they were too amiable and pleasant not to convince me that their situation was their choice. The upper classes of Irish women are very handsome, and finely formed; but the lower Irish countrywomen are so disfigured by the smoke of their cabins, and their feet are so enlarged by being exposed without either shoes or stockings, that I think them inferior in complexion and form to the female peasantry of England. The commonest women in Dublin are, however, in general remarkable for the delicacy of their hands and arms, and the whiteness of the bosom. They are also in general powerfully made, and able to protect themselves. In Dublin I saw a combat between an English footman and an Irish fishwoman, which was well maintained for some time, until at length the footman got most soundly thrashed, and was obliged to yield: the fair Mendoza received many severe blows, but the bystanders never interfered, so convinced were they of the superiority of her stamina, and pugilistic powers.

The ladies of Ireland are generally elegant, and frequently highly educated; there are very few who do not speak French fluently, and many speak it with the purity of its native accentuation. They also frequently add Italian to their accomplishments, and it is no unusual circumstance to hear a young lady enter, with a critical knowledge, into the merits of the most celebrated authors, with a diffidence which shews that she is moved by a thirst for knowledge, and not by vanity. They are more highly accomplished in instrumental than in vocal music: a greater musical treat can scarcely be enjoyed than to hear some of them perform their own Irish airs, which are singularly sweet, simple, and affecting. Those who have been present at a ball in Ireland, can best attest the spirit, good-humour, grace, and elegance, which prevail in it: in this accomplishment they may rank next to the animated inhabitants of Paris. The balls in Dublin are very frequent, owing to there being such a poverty of public amusement, and this circumstance has also an evident tendency to enlarge and strengthen the social circle. Many of the ladies have a little of that peculiarity of pronunciation which is coarsely called the brogue, but it is a very small portion of it, and is far from being unpleasant, as long as a stranger is susceptible of it, which is but for a very short time. It is but natural to suppose that the pronunciation of an English lady must be as perceptible to an Irish lady who had always been confined to her own country, as that of the latter is to the former.

IRISH GENTLEMEN.

I know not how to make my reader better acquainted with the Irish gentry, than by the following description which Grattan has given of them: "I think," said he, "I know my country; I think I have a right to know her. She has her weaknesses: were she perfect one would admire her more, but love her less. *The gentlemen of Ireland act on sudden impulse; but that impulse is the result of a warm heart, a strong head, and great personal determination.* The errors incident to such a principle of action, must be their errors, but then the virtues belonging to that principle must be their virtues also; such errors may give a pretence to their enemies, but such virtues afford salvation to their country."

ANECDOTES OF DUELLING.

The practice of duelling, which has effected more injury to the Irish character than any other cause, is subsiding; but truth calls upon me to say, that it still has too wide a latitude of action. I do not defend duelling, but there are circumstances which call for an appeal beyond the law, and will be satisfied: and the re-

venge of a bruiser is that of a blackguard. The cause which provokes a duel ought to be of an imperious nature, and the remedy would then be more rarely sought.

At a bookseller's in Nassau-street I purchased a pamphlet, of which the seller said he had sold many copies, entitled "Advice to Seconds," containing general rules and instructions for all seconds in duels. I one day breakfasted with a gentleman; a shirt was airing at the fire, and I observed, that it was patched at the bottom in two places. I was of course a little surprised at such a discovery in any part of the dress of a man of rank and fortune: he saw what had attracted my eye, and laughingly told me that he had been shot through the body in a duel in that very shirt, and that it was its turn that day to be worn: the wound, I found, had nearly proved fatal, but did honour to the patriotic spirit of the owner of the shirt. Formerly this appeal to bullets or cold iron was horribly and ridiculously frequent in Ireland. An Irish gentleman informed me, that some years since an acquaintance of his, just arrived in Ireland from England, put up at an inn, and hearing a noise in the next room like somebody pricking the wainscot with a sword, called up the waiter, and demanded of him the cause of his being so disturbed: "Oh! and plaze your honour," said the fellow, "its only Lord C—— pushing a little, because he expects to fight with some of his friends whom he has asked to dine with him here to-day." It was not from a sanguinary disposition, but solely from the chivalrous desire of preserving the far-famed bravery of his country from the stain of a doubt, that often induced an Irishman to mingle in a fray where he could have no interest or provocation.

CHARACTER OF THE LOW IRISH.

In this class of society, a stranger will see a perfect picture of nature. Pat stands before him, thanks to those who ought long since to have cherished and instructed him, as it were "in mudder's (mother's) nakedness." His wit and warmth of heart are his own, his errors and their consequences will not be registered against *him*. I speak of him in a quiescent state, and not when suffering and ignorance led him into scenes of tumult, which inflamed his mind and blood to deeds that are foreign to his nature.

The lower Irish are remarkable for their ingenuity and docility, and a quick conception; in these properties they are equalled only by the Russians. It is curious to see with what scanty materials they will work; they build their own cabins, and make bridles, stirrups, cruppers, and ropes for every rustic purpose, of hay; and British adjutants allow that an Irish recruit is sooner made a soldier of than an English one.

That the Irish are not naturally lazy, is evident from the quan-

tity of laborious work which they will perform, when they have much to do, which is not frequently the case in their own country, and are adequately paid for it, so as to enable them to get proper food to support severe toil. Upon this principle, in England, an Irish labourer is always preferred. It has been asserted by Dr. Campbell, who wrote in 1777, that the Irish recruits were in general short, owing to the poverty of their food: if this assertion were correct, and few tourists appear to have been more accurate, they are much altered since that gentleman wrote; for most of the Irish militia regiments which I saw exhibited very fine-looking men, frequently exceeding the ordinary stature.

IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

If I was gratified by contemplating the militia of Ireland, I could not fail of deriving the greatest satisfaction from seeing those distinguished heroes, the Volunteers of Ireland: this army of patriots, composed of catholics as well as protestants, amount to about 80,000 men. When their country was in danger, they left their families, their homes, and their occupations, and placed themselves in martial array against the invader and the disturber of her repose: they fought, bled, and conquered; and their names will be enrolled in the grateful page of history, as the saviours of their native land.

What they have done, their brethren in arms on this side of the water are prepared and anxious to perform; and whenever the opportunity occurs, will cover themselves with equal glory.

The handsomest peasants in Ireland are the natives of Kilkenny and the neighbourhood, and the most wretched and squalid near Cork and Waterford, and in Munster and Connaught. In the county of Roscommon the male and female peasantry and horses are handsome; the former are fair and tall, and possess great flexibility of muscle: the men are the best leapers in Ireland. The finest hunters and most expert huntsmen are to be found in the fine sporting county of Fermanagh. In the county of Meath the peasants are very heavily limbed. In the county of Kerry, and along the western shore, the peasants very much resemble the Spaniards in expression of countenance, and colour of hair.

HONESTY OF THE LOW IRISH.

The lower orders will occasionally lie, and so will the lower orders of any other country, unless they are instructed better; and so should we all, had we not been corrected in our childhood for doing it. It has been asserted, that the low Irish are addicted to pilfering; I met with no instance of it personally. An intelligent friend of mine, one of the largest linen-manufacturers

in the north of Ireland, in whose house there is seldom less than twelve or fifteen hundred pounds *in cash*, surrounded with two or three hundred poor peasants, retires at night to his bed without bolting a door, or fastening a window. During Lady Cathcart's imprisonment in her own house in Ireland, for twenty years, by the orders of her husband, (an affair which made a great noise some years since,) her Ladyship wished to remove some remarkably fine and valuable diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, out of the house, but having no friend or servant whom she could trust, she spoke to a miserable beggar-woman who used to come to the house, from the window of the room in which she was confined. The woman promised to take care of the jewels, and Lady Cathcart accordingly threw the parcel containing them to her out of the window: the poor mendicant conveyed them to the person to whom they were addressed; and when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty some years afterwards, her diamonds were safely restored to her. I was well informed, that a disposition to inebriation amongst the peasantry had rather subsided, and had principally confined itself to Dublin.

IRISH SCHOOL.

The instruction of the common people is in the lowest state of degradation. In the summer a wretched uncharactered itinerant derives a scanty and precarious existence by wandering from parish to parish, and opening a school in some ditch covered with heath and furze, to which the inhabitants send their children to be instructed by the miserable being, who is nearly as ignorant as themselves; and in the winter these pedagogue pedlars go from door to door offering their services, and pick up just sufficient to prevent themselves from perishing by famine. What proportion of morals and learning can flow from such a source into the mind of the ragged young pupil, can easily be imagined, but cannot be reflected upon without serious concern. A gentleman of undoubted veracity stated, not long since, before the Dublin Association for distributing Bibles and Testaments amongst the Poor, that whole parishes were without a Bible.

Their native urbanity to each other is very pleasing; I have frequently seen two boors take off their hats and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these fellows upon meeting one another, are full of cordiality. One of them in Dublin met a boy after his own heart, who, in the sincerity of his soul, exclaimed, "Paddy! myself's glad to see you, for in troth I wish you well." "By my shoul, I knows it well," said the other, "but you have but the half of it;" that is, the pleasure is divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin which is the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he

does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so (for nothing is more painful to an Irishman than to be thought ignorant); he will either direct you by an appeal to his imagination, which is ever ready, or he will say, "I shall find it out for your honour immediately;" and away he flies into some shop for information, which he is happy to be the bearer of, without any hope of reward.

Their hospitality, when their circumstances are not too wretched to display it, is remarkably great. The neighbour or the stranger finds every man's door open, and to walk in without ceremony at meal-time, and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to every one of the house, and the pig is turned out to make room for the gentleman. If the visitor can relate a lively tale, or play upon any instrument, all the family is in smiles, and the young will begin a merry dance, whilst the old will smoke after one another out of the same pipe, and entertain each other with stories. A gentleman of an erratic turn was pointed out to me, who with his flute in his hand, a clean pair of stockings and a shirt in his pocket, wandered through the country every summer: wherever he stopped the face of a stranger made him welcome, and the sight of his instrument doubly so; the best seat, if they had any, the best potatoes and new milk, were allotted for his dinner; and clean straw, and sometimes a pair of sheets, formed his bed; which, although frequently not a bed of roses, was always rendered welcome by fatigue, and the peculiar bias of his mind.

IRISH MUSIC.

The peasantry are uncommonly attached to their ancient melodies, some of which are exquisitely beautiful. In some parts of Ireland the harp is yet in use; but the Irish bagpipe is the favourite instrument. The stock of national music has not been much increased of late years. The Irish of all classes are fond of music.

A Sunday with the peasantry in Ireland is not unlike the same day in France. After the hours of devotion, a spirit of gaiety shines upon every hour, the bagpipe is heard, and every foot is in motion. The cabin on this day is deserted: and families, in order to meet together, and enjoy the luxury of a social chit-chat, even in rain and snow, will walk three or four miles to a given spot. The same social disposition attaches them to a festive meeting, which owes its origin to the following circumstance: In the provinces of Munster and Connaught, and other counties, there were several fountains and wells, which, in the early ages of christianity, were dedicated to some favourite saint, whose patronage was supposed to give such sanctity to the waters, that

the invalids who were immersed in them lost all their maladies. On the anniversary of each saint, numbers flocked round these wells for the united purpose of devotion and amusement; tents and booths were pitched in the adjoining fields; erratic musicians, hawkers, and shewmen assembled from the neighbouring towns, and priests came to hear confessions: the devotees, after going round the holy wells several times on their bare knees, the laceration of which had a marvellous effect in expiating offences, closed the evening by dancing, and at their departure fastened a small piece of cloth round the branch of the trees or bushes growing near these consecrated waters, as a memorial of their having performed their penitential exercises.

In the year 1780, the priests discontinued their attendance, but the patrons, as these meetings were called, still continued the same, and to this day attract all the country for ten or twenty miles round. At these assemblies many droll things are said, many engagements of friendship are made, and many heads are broken as the power of whiskey developes itself: but revenge rises not with the morning. Pat awakes, finds a hole in his head, which nature, without confining the energies of the mind, seems to have formed in contemplation of the consequences of these festive associations; he no longer remembers the hand that gave the blow, and vigorous health and a purity of blood very speedily fill up the fissure. The following story is an instance of humour united to considerable shrewdness. An Irishman, on having knocked at the door of a very low priest after one of these patrons, and requested a night's lodging, the priest told him that he could not accommodate him, because there were only two beds in the house; one for himself, and the other for his niece, pointing to their rooms. Pat begged permission to sit down; and, whilst the priest and his niece went out for something, he took the bellows and put it in the young lady's bed, and calling about five days afterwards, found it there still.

A faint trait of Druidical superstition still lingers amongst the peasantry of Munster, where, if a murder has been committed in the open air, it is considered indispensable in every Roman Catholic who passes by to throw a stone on the spot, which, from a strict adhesion to this custom, presents a considerable pyramid of stones. In the counties of Tipperary and Kerry, also, these stony piles are to be found, which are beautifully and expressively called clogh-breegh, or *stones of sorrow*.

FUNERAL HOWL.

In Ireland the grim tyrant is noticed with eccentric honours. Upon the death of an Irish man or woman the straw upon which the deceased reposed is burned before the cabin door, and as the

flames arise the family set up the death howl. At night the body with the face exposed, and the rest covered with a white sheet, placed upon some boards, or an unhinged door supported by stools, is waked; when all the relatives, friends, and neighbours of the deceased assemble together; candles and candlesticks borrowed from the neighbourhood are stuck round the deceased: according to the circumstances of the family, the company is regaled with whiskey, ale, cake, pipes and tobacco. A sprightly tourist, whose name does not appear to his book, observes that, "Walking out one morning rather early, I heard dreadful groans and shrieks in a house. Attracted by curiosity I entered, and saw in a room about fifty women weeping over a poor old man, who died a couple of days before. Four of them in particular made more noise than the rest, tore their hair, and often embraced the deceased. I remarked that in about a quarter of an hour they were tired, went into another room, and were replaced by four others, who continued their shrieks until the others were recovered; these, after swallowing a large glass of whiskey, to enable them to make more noise, resumed their places, and the others went to refresh themselves."

IRISH IMPRECATIONS.

Amongst the mortuary peculiarities of the Irish, their love for posthumous honours, which I have before glanced at, is worthy of remark. An elderly man, whom a much esteemed clerical friend of mine attended in the last stage of existence, met death with fortitude, but expressed his grief that his dissolution should take place at a time when the employments of spring would prevent his funeral from being numerously attended. This is a general national trait; and a grievous imprecation in the Irish language is, "May your burial be forsaken:" they have also another very figurative malediction, "May the grass grow green before your door."

Some of their customs are singular and characteristic. On the anniversary of Saint Patrick, the country people assemble in their nearest towns or villages, get very tipsy (but not bled by surgeons as some authors have asserted), and walk through the streets with the *trifolium pratense*, or, as they call it, shamrock, in their hats, when whiskey is drank in copious libations; and from a spirit of gallantry, these merry devotees continue drunk the greater part of the next day, viz. the 18th of March, all in honour of Sheelagh, St. Patrick's wife.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

The common people also believe in fairies. In the last century, every great family in Ireland had a banshee; a fairy, in the

shape of a little frightful old woman, who used to warble a melancholy ditty under the windows of great houses, to warn the family that some of them were about to die: these agreeable supernatural visitors have not been seen for some time. They also believe that the ancient forts and mounts are sacred to a little fairy race, and therefore would not, for any consideration, touch them with a spade. In several parts of Ireland are *elf-stones;* thin triangular flints, with which the peasantry suppose the fairies, when angry with them, destroy their cows. When these animals die unexpectedly of a natural disease, they say they are *elf-shot.* The rustic requires a great deal of encouragement before he can be brought to level an ant-hill, from a belief that it is a fairy mount.

Although it might be supposed, from a whole family of different sexes being crowded together in one room, in a cabin, that much indecency, and consequent sensual depravity, must occur; yet the contrary, I was informed by an English gentleman who had long resided in Ireland, and who had made the lower Irish the peculiar objects of his attention, was the case. Incest is a crime which is attended with peculiar detestation amongst the lower orders.

INSIDE OF A CABIN.

Although most of the peasants have an abominable practice of heaping all the filth of their cattle and cabin in a pile before the front of their dwellings, until the roof in front can only be seen above it; yet every degree of decency prevails within. That instinctive delicacy which exists between the sexes, in every thing which is the subject of it in higher life, is not banished from the poor cabin. The low Irish are much improved in their habits of cleanliness. Formerly a common fellow would not hesitate sweeping down a flight of stairs with his wig, and wearing it afterwards. I have been informed that, to this day, at those subterranean *tables d'hôtes* in the *diving cellars* of St. Giles's, in London, after dinner, a large Newfoundland dog, or a little boy with a wig on his head, walks round the table for the guests to wipe their fingers upon.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

That the Irish, even in a state of political ebullition, are capable of generous actions, the following fact will prove: During the rebellion, a Protestant, who was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, was called out to be executed: the executioner ordered him to turn his back; the prisoner refused, and calmly declared that he was not afraid to face death; and just as the former was about to fire at him, the latter told him to stop, and re-

quested him to dispatch him with dexterity; and pulling off his hat, coat, and waistcoat, which were new, threw them to him as a present to favour him with a speedy death. The executioner was so impressed with his conduct, that he said he must be innocent, and refused to kill him; in consequence of which, another rebel rushed forward to put an end to his existence, upon which the executioner swore, that he would lay breathless at his feet the first man who attempted to hurt one hair of the prisoner's head, and conducted him in safety out of the rebel lines.

The common Irish marry very young, and hence there are very few spurious children in that country, and infanticide is scarcely ever heard of.

IRISH PRIDE.

The native pride of the low Irish is ill directed by ignorance, but the frequent source of many of their better qualities. Although there are many beggars in Dublin, and in other towns; yet, to be reduced to beggary is thought so odious, that no one would set up for a beggar, more than he would for a prophet, in his own county. No one, however pinched, could ask for alms in his own neighbourhood. An intelligent friend of mine told me, that a miserable creature, who went by the name of Doctor Donolly, although in a state of abject penury, would never accept of a bit of pork, a potatoe, or a drink of milk, if offered to him; but preferred eating offal from a dunghill, to the idea of being supported as an object of charity in the place of his nativity. After a fast of three days, he has been known to refuse proffered victuals. This man one day went twenty-seven miles with a letter for a gentleman to his daughter at a boarding-school: arriving early in the morning, the servant girl, upon opening the door, after a loud consequential double rap, was much surprised to see this wretch in rags, and, without asking him any questions, she said, "Go along, we have got nothing for you." The doctor immediately returned home *without delivering the letter*, making a distance of fifty-four Irish miles without having broken his fast.

There have been instances of gentlemen opening *gratuitous* schools upon their estates, and, from ignorance of the character of their own countrymen, they have been surprised to find that frequently the poor people would not send their children; they forgot that native pride which revolts at eleemosynary aid. In such an instance as this, if the independent spirit of the parent had been flattered, by calling for the payment of only a tester at the end of the year towards the discharge of some of the expences incident to the establishment, the child would not have been withheld from it.

The attachment of the low Irish to their children is very great. To play with her child is the highest delight of the mother; and, for this indulgence, she will, by an injudicious, but natural miscalculation of maternal duty, omit the care of herself and her house: nor is the piety of their affection to their parents less distinguishable. Ireland is not cursed with English poor-laws: there are no pauper-houses there, into which a child, in the full vigour of life and health, can cast the hoary-headed infirm author of his days, as he would a loathsome incumbrance, to languish out the poor remains of life under the neglect or barbarity of a parochial officer, deserted by the being to whom he has imparted existence, and cut off from all the soothing endearments of filial gratitude. It is a rare sight to see, in Ireland, an aged parent begging for bread.

INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS AND CHARACTER.

An instance is recorded of the effect which the conduct of the Dean of Kilfenora, Dr. Stevenson, produced upon his parishioners during the rebellion. When this gentleman went to reside upon his living of Callan, one of the largest in Ireland, he found that a spirit of insurrection had tainted every one of his parishioners: instead of loading them with taunts, reproaches, and menaces, he attached them by kindnesses, by those courtesies which are dear to every feeling, and particularly to an Irish mind; not by gifts, which if they cannot be returned, affect the sensibility, by destroying that equality which is necessary to cordial attachments, but by a course of civilities and gentle expressions, which can be repaid by the receiver. By this proceeding he gained their confidence and their love, and what was of no little consequence, the friendship of their priest. He pointed out to them the peril of their desperate enterprize, and, behold the fruits of a deportment like this! in one day *six hundred rebels* came to his house and surrendered their arms.

HARDIHOOD OF THE IRISH.

Of the extreme hardihood of the Irish, the following instances are given. Mr. Gordon, in his History of the Irish Rebellion, says, "The hardiness and agility of the labouring classes of the Irish, were on this (speaking of an affair at Gorey) and other occasions, in the course of the rebellion, very remarkable. Their swiftness of foot, and activity in passing over brooks and ditches were such, that they could not always in crossing the fields be overtaken by horsemen; and with so much strength of constitusion were they found to be endued, that to kill them was difficult, many, after a multitude of stabs, not expiring until their necks were cut across." Another remarkable instance is mentioned by

the same author, respecting the recovery of a rebel named Charles Davis, of Enniscorthy, a glazier, " who, after having subsisted on the body of a cock for four days, in a loathsome hole where he was concealed, was discovered in the act of running away from his lurking-place, and brought to Vinegar-hill, where he was shot through the body and one of his arms, and violently struck in several parts of the head with a pike, which, however, penetrated not into the brain, and was thrown into a grave on his back, with a heap of earth and stones over him. His faithful dog having scraped away the covering from his face, and cleansed it by licking the blood, he returned to life, after an interment of twelve hours, and is now living in perfect health."

IRISH SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

In battle, on shore and at sea, the Irish soldier and sailor have been remarkable for their valour, steadiness, and subordination; no inconsiderable portion of the population of Ireland may be found on board of our ships of war. As far back as Spenser's time, the bravery of the Irish soldier was honourably mentioned. That happy genius says, " I have heard some great warriors say, that in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than an Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely to his charge."

MIDDLE-MEN.

Who, says Mr. Carr, but those who knew the fact, would believe, that such a " strong, hardy, bold, brave, laborious, warm-hearted, and faithful race of men," should be so sunk in the scale of society as they are? In Ireland there is a description of men who are like so many ravenous wolves amongst the peasantry, known by the name of Middle-men. Between the actual proprietor, and the occupant of the land, there are frequently no less than four or five progressive tenants, who frequently never see the land which they hold, and which is assigned from one to the other, until encumbered and dispirited by such a concatenation of exaction, is, instead of being able to make thrice the amount of his rent, as he ought to be enabled to do, namely, one-third for his landlord, another for the support of his family, and the remaining part for contingencies, the last taker can scarcely, after infinite toil and privation, pay his immediate lord, and feed and clothe himself and family.

DEGRADED CONDITION OF THE LOW IRISH.

A farm was pointed out to me in the south-west of Ireland, for which the occupier paid four hundred pounds per annum, a rent which in England is very respectable, and would secure,

with common good husbandry and prudence, a very comfortable maintenance for the tenant and his family, and enable him to lay a little by; but instead of any appearance of comfort, the farmer was half-naked, and his wife and family in rags. How little the land must experience the re-invigorating benefits of good husbandry can easily be imagined. Without being slaves in fact, their condition is little better than vassalage in its most oppressive form. Potatoes and butter-milk, the food of an English hog, form the degrading repast of the Irish peasant; a little oatmeal is a delicacy; a Sunday bit of pork a great and rare luxury. Depressed to an equality with the beast of the field, he shares his sorry meal with his cow, his dog, and his pig, who frequently feed with him, as his equal associates, out of the same bowl. This sense of degradation, and a conviction that his wretchedness has scarcely any thing below it in the scale of human penury, frequently led the unhappy peasant to mingle in those unfortunate tumults which have so long, and so fatally, retarded the improvement of his country; and when he beheld how hopeless were the exertions of rebellion, to rush forward in the scene of slaughter, uncover his head, and bow it to the bullets of his enemy.

SUMMARY OF THE IRISH CHARACTER.

With few materials for ingenuity to work with, the peasantry of Ireland are most ingenious, and with adequate inducements laboriously indefatigable: they possess, in general, personal beauty and vigour of frame; they abound with wit and sensibility, although all the avenues to useful knowledge are closed against them; they are capable of forgiving injuries, and are generous even to their oppressors; they are sensible of superior merit, and submissive to it; they display natural urbanity in rags and penury, are cordially hospitable, ardent for information, social in their habits, kind in their disposition, in gaiety of heart and genuine humour unrivalled, even in their superstition presenting an union of pleasantry and tenderness; they are warm and constant in their attachments, faithful and incorruptible in their engagements, innocent, with the power of sensual enjoyment perpetually within their reach; observant of sexual modesty, though crowded in the narrow limits of a cabin; strangers to a crime which reddens the cheek of manhood with horror; tenacious of respect; acutely sensible of and easily won by kindnesses. Such is the peasantry of Ireland: I appeal not to the affections or the humanity, but to the justice of every one to whom chance may direct these pages, whether men so constituted present no character which a wise government can mould to the great purpose of augmenting the prosperity of the country, and the happiness of society. Well

might Lord Chesterfield, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, exclaim, "God has done every thing for this country, man nothing." Some exertions have been made to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry, but their operation has too much resembled Martial's barber, who was so slow, that the hair began to grow on the side of the face he had first shaved, before he had finished the other.

ANCIENT TOMBS.

In a direction nearly east and west on the long ridge of the Curragh, there is a chain of fourteen circular entrenchments of different diameters, terminated on the east by an earthen tumulus, and on the west by a large circular rath, near which is a small circular mound, with a cavity on the top, supposed to have been a cuci or kitchen of some of the ancient inhabitants. These intrenchments are called in the Irish language farrauta foras, or ancient graves, and hence, as well as on account of their being too small for forts, they are considered to be tombs of the ancient Irish.

MONASTEREVEN.

Monastereven, which is thirty miles from Dublin, is a very pretty town, and beautifully situated; on the left of the entrance of the town is Moore Abbey, the noble seat of the Marquis of Drogheda, standing at the foot of a lofty hill on the banks of the Barrow; the demesne is finely cultivated and very picturesque. The river and canal, which crosses the former, very much augment the beauty of the scenery. By means of this canal, a trade is opened with Athy, Carlow, Waterford, and Ross, and every day exhibits a scene of bustle, gaiety, and vivacity, by the canal-boats passing and repassing. Monastereven derives its name from a noble abbey founded by St. Abben, who bestowed upon it the privilege of being a sanctuary. St. Emin or Evin, in the beginning of the seventh century, placed a number of monks from South Munster in this abbey, the abbot of which sat as a baron in parliament. Upon the suppression of monasteries, this abbey, through different channels of descent or transfer, became the property of the Marquis of Drogheda, and it still displays, under the hoar of time, the marks of its former dignity.

THE BOG OF ALLEN.

The next stage was to Maryborough, so called after Mary, Queen of England. A market was established here by the last Sir James Parnell, for the encouragement of the woollen yarn and stuff manufacture. As we approached the vast waste called

the Bog of Allen, the conversation became influenced by the surrounding scenery, and we talked of these wonderful powers of nature, by which she sometimes revolutionizes her own works. The bog which lay before us, and which resembled at a distance a vast brown lake, was once covered with the finest forest-trees, now buried under its dreary surface.—This was the first bog I had ever seen in Ireland, and having fallen into the usual false notions of Englishmen who have never visited Ireland, that a bog was a collection of thick mud, I was at first surprised to see people walking upon it, and cattle here and their picking up a scanty blade upon this russet lawn. This celebrated bog crosses several counties, contains three hundred thousand acres, and is the largest in Ireland. The bogs of Ireland at first seemed to be a subject of little interest, but as I enquired and reflected, I found them a source of uncommon surprise, curiosity, and amusement. The turf-bogs of Ireland have been considered as masses of putrefaction and as very insalubrious, and like marshes and fens, united a mephitic deleterious vapour or putrid miasmata. So far from this being correct, those who reside in this neighbourhood are as healthy and vigorous as the natives of any other part of Ireland; and Sir William Petty informs us, that the country people used to preserve their eggs and butter in them. Doctor Campbell observes, that he has seen a shoe, of one piece of leather, nearly stitched, taken out of a bog, where it was supposed, from its fashion, to have lain for centuries, entirely fresh He also mentions, that he had seen butter called rouskin, which had been hid in hollow trunks of trees so long, that it was become hard, and almost friable, yet not devoid of unctuosity, and that the length of time which it had been buried must have been great, on account of the bog having grown over it ten feet. I was also informed by a gentleman upon whose veracity I can rely, that he saw the skeleton of a cobler, who had been unexpectedly overwhelmed by a floating bog, in which, upon its being afterwards reclaimed, he had been discovered: that when found, he had the appearance of having been embalmed, and that a shoe and some leather, which lay by his side, were in a perfect state of preservation.

CURIOUS BOG ANECDOTES.

How bogs have been produced is a subject which, like the attributable cause of most phenomena, is involved in philosophical conjecture. Underneath their surface, at a considerable depth, whole forests of prostrate trees, apparently burnt off from the roots, are found, and the roots remain fast in the ground: and so antiseptic is the nature of the extraordinary mass which covers them, that the finest oaks, fir, and yew, with all their branches,

are constantly dug up in so perfect, or rather in so improved a condition, that they are preferred to the wood of the same sort of trees felled by the woodman.

In houses of respectability, I have seen stairs and bannisters formed of the bog oak, which looked very beautiful. As fuel, bog-wood is considered a great luxury, and makes a most brilliant fire. In some places, by digging to a great depth, recumbent forests upon forests, with a layer of earth between, have been discovered, like a sort of vegetable Herculaneum. The learned General Vallancey, in his Collectanea says, "That the late Mr. Evans, engineer, informed him, that in cutting the line of the Royal Canal through the bog of Cappagh, between Dublin and Kilcock, at the distance of twenty-six feet, he met with fir-trees, which apparently had been planted in avenues; and at this depth he found a lump of tallow, weighing about two hundred weight; that he sunk fourteen feet below these trees in bog, and came to a hard bottom, on which were oak-trees prostrated.

In the bog of Monela, not many miles from the bog of Allen, stumps of trees are visible above the surface, under which is a stratum of turf, to the depth of ten or fifteen feet, under which is another layer of prostrate trees; beneath themano ther stratum of earth of considerable depth, below which a great number of stumps of trees are found standing upright, presenting a succession of three distinct woods, one above the other.

Philosophical investigation has not hitherto satisfactorily accounted for the prostration of these trees, and for the appearance of ignition at the bottom of their trunks. The softness and embalming nature of the bog are at variance with the idea, that such appearances could be effected by its action. The formation of bogs must have been very gradual; and as they thickened, they must have equally embraced every object which they came in contact with, so as rather to have supported than destroyed their perpendicularity. I do not speak of those still more wonderful phenomena, the moving bogs, which might have borne down trees in the progress. If the bog trees which appear to have been burned down had been rarely discovered, the solution of the difficulty would have been easier. In Sweden I saw large tracts of fir-forests, which had been cleared by the peasants, effected by making a fire round the bottom of the trunk of the tree, and burning it through instead of felling it by the axe or saw: this simple but slovenly process is resorted to, because that country is nearly one vast forest. That Ireland, like Sweden, was once overrun with forests, the contents of the bogs sufficiently prove: and the discovery of the horns of the

moosedeer amongst them, an animal which for ages has been extinct in Ireland, sufficiently demonstrates the antiquity of such a profusion of trees, which no doubt were anterior to the Brehon laws; because as they inflicted severe penalties upon the person who injured his neighbour's trees, every sort of which they enumerated, (even the shrubs and underwood being protected from violation by them) they form an evidence of the value of timber in Ireland, which must have arisen from its scarcity. If the soil of Sweden were productive of bog trees, burned as I have described, and not removed, they might, by their lying thick on the ground, form an impediment to all streams and currents, and gather in their branches whatever rubbish such waters brought with them, until a vegetable mass or bog had been formed; but is it not fair to suppose, that only the burned trees would have been covered by this vegetable accretion, and that the trees which had not been weakened at the roots by fire, would have remained perpendicular? This accretion could not have had any caustic quality in it; how could it burn away the tree from its roots, and not only spare but preserve the trunk and branches? Yet in the bogs of Ireland all the trees discovered have been found in a horizontal position, and present the appearance of having been separated from their roots by fire. Had the ancient boors of the country thus felled them, only partial instances of such burning would have occurred; but the philosophical progress, whatever it may have been, which has prostrated them with the ground, appears to have been uniform. I make these remarks with diffidence; it is not always the worst property of ignorance to doubt, or to raise a doubt. The subject is a very interesting one, and highly merits investigation. No writer has yet, I believe, illustrated the causes of the position and appearances of these trees. The black bog cuts like cheese, and resembles rotten wood: heath, sedgy grass, bog myrtle, and rushes, grow spontaneously upon it, and its surface is rarely level: the depth of them is various; they have been perforated deeper than fifty feet. The bog of Allen appears to rest upon that incomparable manure, lime-stone gravel, and might be easily converted into fine meadow-land, at a vast profit to the improver, or, as he is called in the bog language, a reclaimer. Inexhaustible quarries of the finest lime-stone are found in most parts of Ireland.

A company of Dutch boors offered their countryman King William to convert this bog into a meadow, and to carry the coals of Killinaul by canals, which they proposed cutting through various parts of Ireland, provided that monarch would have permitted them to have been governed by the laws of Holland.

In those bogs have been discovered many ponderous and beautiful ornaments of gold and silver, such as fibulæ, clasps, buckles, bracelets, anklets, frontlets, limetts, plates of gold, brass weapons, &c., many of which are of elegant workmanship, and give a high idea of the skill and taste of the ancient Irish. Bugle-horns have also been discovered, made of copper, lapped over and rivetted with copper nails very ingeniously. Upon being sounded they give a loud, distinct note. The art of soldering does not appear to have been discovered when these precious remains of antiquity were first formed; at least the union of the parts of those which I saw was effected by beating or twisting them together.

The bog is cut with an instrument called a slane, a spade of about four inches broad, with a steel blade of the same breadth, standing at right angles with the edge of the spade: the turf is piled up in pyramidical heaps on the margin of the pits out of which they are dug, each piece being about the size and shape of a brick. The mode of reclaiming bogs is now very well understood; and it is ascertained that bogs must be kept drained, otherwise they will relapse; it is a curious circumstance, that when they are once reclaimed, they are convertible to any purpose of agriculture.

THE WIDOW.

On arriving near Roscrea, Mr. Carr mentions the following interesting anecdote: A chain of ancient square watch-towers within sight of each other, for many miles in this part of the country, occasionally diverts the eye from the numerous wretched cabins which appear along the road. In one of them which I saw erected in a ditch, resided a beautiful woman, who had all the deportment of one of a superior order, and two remarkably handsome and healthy children. They were dressed very neatly, although they came out of a hut of mud and weeds, and filled with smoke. They attracted the attention of almost every traveller on that road, who, pleased with their appearance, generally left some little token of their approbation behind. The poor woman was a widow: she was travelling in this country with her little son and daughter, when a fever attacked her; exhausted by its ravages, by hunger, and fatigue, she sunk on the road. The miserable cottagers in the neighbourhood immediately built her a cabin, placed clean straw in it, and daily supplied her and her children with milk and potatoes. She recovered; though frequently pressed, she has constantly declined to relate her history, and now works for the neighbouring gentry.

On reaching Limerick Mr. Carr makes the following interesting remarks on the city:—Limerick exports pork, butter, beef, hides, and rape-seed; and imports sugar, rum, timber, wines, coals, tobacco, salt, and bark. Its trade has flourished to an amazing extent. Many of the families here are opulent, and handsome equipages are to be seen in the streets, whereas in the year 1740 and 1750, there were only four carriages in and near the place. The slaughtering, salting and packing houses, belonging to the provision-trade, are well worthy the notice of the traveller. The most frequent objects to be met with in the streets, are cars leaden with beef proceeding to the salting-houses. Much of the provision supports the brave seamen of the United Kingdom, and enables them to endure the fatigue of the blockade and the peril of the battle. Although Ireland cannot build a navy, she furnishes it with a brave, hard, gallant, and loyal race of men, and contributes not a little to the sustenance of the British fleets. The inns have not kept equal pace with the prosperity of the town: they are dirty and ill attended, but, as usual, furnished excellent wine at four shillings per bottle. We also partook of some excellent cow-beef. I wish I could object to nothing more than the inconvenience of ill-conducted inns; but, alas! a subject of much deeper interest, and truly afflicting to every feeling mind, is to be found, if the traveller will take the trouble of walking over Thomond's bridge and enter the house of *Industry*, as it is called. He will quit a noble city, gay with novelty, opulence, and luxury, for a scene which will strike his mind with horror. Under the roof of this house, I saw madmen *stark naked*, girded only by their irons, standing in the rain, in an open court, attended by *women*; their cells, upon the ground-floor, scantily supplied with straw, damp, and ill secured. In the wards of labour, abandoned prostitutes, in rags and vermin, each loaded with a long chain and heavy log, working only when the eye of the superintending officer was upon them, are associated through the day with respectable old family housekeepers, who, having no children to support them, to prevent famishing, seek this wretched asylum. At *night* they sleep together in the same room; the sick (unless in very extreme cases) and the healthy, the good and the bad, all crowded together.

Across a yard, in a large room, nearly thirty feet long, a raving maniac, instead of being strapped to his bed, was handcuffed to a stone of 300 lbs. weight, which, with the most horrible yells, by a convulsive effort of strength, he dragged from one end of the room to the other, constantly exposed to the exasperating view and conversation of those who were in

the yard. I have been well informed that large sums of money have been raised in every county for the erection of mad-houses: how has this money been applied?

One of the naked subjects which I mentioned, lost his senses by an excess of mathematical research, the other by a disappointment of the heart, and the third, who was in the same yard, by drunkenness: a more affecting and expressive groupe for the pencil could never be presented. In one cell, covered to his chin in straw, was a hoary-headed man, who would never speak, nor take any thing unless conjured to do so by the name of "the Most High."

BRIEF HISTORY OF LIMERICK.

Limerick is inrolled in the page of English history. In the time of Cromwell it was besieged by Ireton, who was repulsed in several attacks. After displaying great spirit and gallantry, the citizens became disunited on account of their different political attachments, some being followers of the Pope's nuncio, some to King Charles, and others to the English army, till at last they surrendered to the enemy, when Ireton entered the town, and soon afterwards died there. In September 1691, it was invested by General Ginkle, after his victory over King James's army at Aghrim, and was surrendered on the 13th October following, when the garrison made a very honourable capitulation for themselves and the rest of the inhabitants; and in 1690 it was besieged by King William, when he was forced to raise the siege.

A TRAVELLING HINT.

Mr. Carr observes, that there are no stages or regular posting to Killarney. I was obliged, says he, to hire a chaise to go all the way for four guineas; the owner of it paying for the feeding of the post-boy and horses. The traveller will now, more than ever, be distressed for want of an uniform circulating medium: I therefore advise him to change his notes for those of Roches, bankers in this place, which will be taken at Cork and Killarney, and on the road. A lady at the inn where I was, assured me, that she had been detained a whole day in the country, because, having no money, and no other than local notes, the keeper of the turnpike refused to let her pass. Notes for eighteen-pence are abundant. Bankers are almost as common as potatoes in the counties of Limerick, Kerry, and Cork. At a village not far from Limerick, a blacksmith isues sixpenny notes, which circulate in the village, and no farther.

In the band of one of the militia regiments I saw a banker who had *failed for five pounds!* and, trifling as this sum is, no

doubt several suffered by the petty defaulter. In short, were not the inconveniences of such a system greatly oppressive, and the temptation to fraud shocking, these *musquito* bankers would furnish many a smile to the traveller as he wanders through the west and south-west of Ireland; but, as he values comfort and progressive motion, let him be careful how he receives in payment the notes which will be offered to him.

RUINS OF ADAIR.

About seven o'clock in the morning, under a tolerable specimen of the humidity of the atmosphere of this part of Ireland, I bade adieu to Limerick, so famous for its pretty women, its river, its gloves, and its depôts of beef and pork. I saw nothing worthy of notice till I approached Adair, the town where we first halted, which presented a very picturesque and beautiful appearance. This village, which is situated in the barony of Kennery, and on the Maig, which communicates with the Shannon, abounds with ruins of churches and convents, which in distant times belonged to the Franciscan friars. Every spot is holy ground. The ruins which are in the highest preservation, are those of a religious house in the south side of the town, built in the reign of King Edward I., by John, earl of Kildare, for friars of the order of the Holy Trinity, for the redemption of christian captives: its steeple is supported by a plain arch, with four diagonal ogives meeting in the centre, and stairs which rise to the battlements. The nave and choir are small and plain. On the south side of the river there is another friary in high preservation, founded by John, earl of Kildare, who died 1315. In the choir, which is large, are stalls, and a corresponding nave, with a lateral aisle on the south side. To the north of the steeple are some beautiful cloisters, with Gothic windows, within which, on three sides of the square, are corridors; and on most of these windows are escutcheons with the English and saltier crosses, in general ranged alternately. The principal parts are of hewn lime-stone, which appears fresh, and the workmanship is simply elegant. Near the cloisters are several apartments, which appear to be much more ancient than the other parts of the building. In the east part of the town a great friary was founded by Thomas, earl of Kildare, and Joan his wife, daughter of James, earl of Desmond, in 1465.

All these ruins are delightfully situated, and time has finely coloured those parts which the ivy has not covered. The moralist, the painter, and the antiquarian, will not pass Adair without heaving a sigh for poor mortality, without borrowing some venerable grace from the hoary pile, or tracing, amid the mouldering ruins, the skill and taste of distant ages. My

driver was a very good-humoured fellow, who stuttered most unintelligibly till I became a little accustomed to him; and although wet to the skin, and a glass of whisky lay before him, he would first conduct me to these monastic remains, which, if I might judge by the brightness of his eyes, and the vivacity of his gestures, and by putting the heads and tails and scattered limbs of his words together as well as I could, he seemed to enjoy in a manner very creditable to his feelings. I was surprised to find, not only here, but in every other part of Ireland which I visited, that the Anglo-Hibernian language spoken was free from provincial idiom: the only difference which I found arose from the pronunciation of a few words being more or less broad.

Upon the road I met horses laden with goods fastened by ropes of hay, horses drawing in hay harness, and pigs checked in their erratic disposition by having one of their front and hinder legs agreeably attached to each other by the same simple material; and the female peasants looked neat and clean, and poised their milk-pails with admirable dexterity.

FUNERAL-HOWL AND THE PALATINES.

As I passed the race-course, about a mile before I reached the town of Rathkeale, for the first time I heard the Irish funeral-howl issuing from a cottage, where, by an oblique peep, I saw several persons assembled, who, without any appearance of grief, produced the most dismal sounds. The ceremony upon those occasions I have before described. In this part of the country, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Rathkeale, the descendants of the Palatines, who came over to this country in 1709, reside. In the benignity of the British nation, these Germans found a refuge from the oppression of their own prince, and of the French, on account of their religious faith. They were recommended by Queen Anne to the protection of the Irish parliament, which, from a belief that their residence would strengthen the protestant religion, voted five thousand a year to her Majesty for three years, to defray the expence attending their settlement. Their descendants are a loyal, laborious, and respectable race of men. In the rebellion they formed themselves into volunteer corps, and, by essential services, requited the protection which the nation had afforded to them. The country which they inhabit has experienced great advantages from their skill and industry. Their cottages are built after the fashion of their own country, and are remarkably neat and clean. The women frequently wear the large straw hat and short petticoat of the Palatinate. They never marry out of their own community. They use a plough peculiar to themselves, and retain

many other of their original customs. The native peasantry have been much improved by their society and example. Several of these people reside on Sir William Barker's estate, in the county of Tipperary, and are much respected. In their emigration, settlement, and deportment, they resemble the Dutch colony established within two or three miles of Copenhagen, which supplies that city with milk, butter, and its best vegetables.

CASTLE ISLAND.

I found Castle Island a large town, in a state of rapid decay, owing, as I was informed, to a dispute amongst the proprietors regarding the division of their respective interests. The place was formerly called the Castle of the Island of Kerry. The castle was erected in 1226; but the ruins want wood and verdure to make them interesting. Immense masses of this building broken off, as solid and compact as rock, lie in the field in which it stands. Only the shell of the market-house and assembly-rooms remains. The Charter-school established here, I was informed, was wholly neglected.

EFFECT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES.

Turning round the road as I left Castle Island, which I did with infinite pleasure, I met an Irish funeral: the corpse was in a plain deal coffin, and the population of two or three villages followed it, amongst whom about four or five men and women kept up a constant mournful cry, without any other indication of affliction: not one of them was in mourning, and I found my approach increased the chorus of the funeral yell. The country still continued very wild and dreary. In these mountainous regions, a stranger, moving in a *pair of breeches,* attracts even the attention of the dogs, the constant inmates of the cabins, which, upon seeing so great a novelty approach, naturally regard it as a phenomenon portending no good, and accordingly set up the faithful howl of alarm. One of these vigilant guardians, after contemplating me for some time as I walked forward, gave the usual public notice of my arrival; upon which one of these mountaineers threw, *not a stone,* but a bit of turf, at him, and pulling off his hat, apologized for his dog wanting better manners. In one cabin I saw a pretty obstinate contest between a pig and his mistress; the latter wanted him to go out, and the former was resolved to stay in, and gained his point. The low Irish are very fond of giving fine names to these animals. A woman was overheard to say to a great sow, "Ah, Juliana! get out, what do you do here?"

IRISH PREJUDICE.

A few miles before we reached Killarney, the face of the country very rapidly changed to fertility and beauty. The blue and purple sides of those vast mountains which inclosed the lakes, appeared full in my view: they rose majestically from a sea of vapour, and their heads were lost in the clouds. As we descended into the vale which led to the town, my driver, who by this time was quite intelligible to me, and who I found had impregnated me with a little of his stuttering, the natural effect of sympathy and association, observed, "Ah, your honour! here are glens and mountains! if you had them in your country, what a fine thing it would be for the robbers and murderers there: by my shoul, they are here of no use!" I could not help smiling at his opinion of England: in vain did I tell him, that we had glens and mountains too, which were not infested with robbers and murderers. He shook his head to all I said. In many parts of Ireland I found the same unfortunate and unpleasant prejudice.

Instead of finding Killarney a little romantic place, as I had previously penciled it in my imagination, I entered a large town, resembling Newport in the Isle of Wight; its streets were crowded with people: it is the principal town in the county of Kerry.

MUCRUSS ABBEY.

On reaching Mucruss, near Killarney, Mr. Carr observes, the graceful ruins of Mucruss Abbey on our right, half embosomed in a group of luxuriant and stately trees, influenced, as soon as seen, the bridle of our horses. I contemplated with reverence a very ancient and prodigious yew, the trunk of which is between seven and eight feet in circumference, which grows in the centre of a cloistered court, and covers it with a roof of branches and leaves, whilst some ash trees of a prodigious size overshadow it without. This yew-tree is the object of superstitious veneration amongst the low people, who also exhibit their devotion to the saint of the place, by going round the building a certain number of times, during which they recite prayers. Pilgrims come from a considerable distance to do penance here. According to tradition, many Irish kings and chiefs are buried in the abbey, a favourite place of sepulture, where the dead are buried only on the south and east sides: the north is looked upon, I was told, as the Devil's side, and the west is preserved for unbaptised children, for soldiers, and strangers.

Whilst I was reading a pathetic epitaph upon one of the monuments in the abbey, I felt myself effected by putrid effluvia; and upon looking on each side, I observed, for the first time, some bodies, which might have been interred two or three months, in coffins, the planks of which had started, not half covered with mould. Upon quitting the spot, a great collection of scills and bones, promiscuously heaped up, in niches in the walls, excited melancholy observation.

The soil of the abbey is very thin, and every effort has been made to dissuade the lower classes from bringing their dead here, but in vain. It is a fact, that those who have been buried six months or a year before, are raised and placed on one side to make room for those who are brought for interment afterwards. So loaded with contagion is the air of this spot, that every principle of humanity imperiously calls upon the indulgent owner to exercise his right of closing it up as a place of sepulture in future. I warn every one who visits Killarney, as he values life, not to enter this abbey. Contrast renders doubly horrible the ghastly contemplation of human dissolution, tainting the surrounding air with pestilence, in a spot which nature has enriched with a profusion of romantic beauty. The superstition of the people in the neighbourhood of Adair, which I have mentioned, crowded one of the abbeys there with the dead, until the spot became the seat of infection; upon which Lord Adair, owner of the place, with equal prudence and resolution, sent for some of the soldiers of a militia regiment quartered in the neighbourhood, and having taken every proper precaution against infection, prevailed upon them, by a liberal remmeration, in one night to remove every vestige of corruption from the favourite abbey into the river, and never afterwards permitted another corpse to be buried in his grounds. His lordship lost his popularity for a short period, and more serious consequences were apprehended by his friends, but a little time and reflection restored him to the good opinion of those whom his good sense and firmness had offended.

Some years since an Englishman of handsome appearance, and in the prime of life, from what cause I could not learn, selected this abbey for the place of his retirement, and covered an open cell in one of the upper apartments, with fragments of tombs and coffins, to protect himself against the inclemencies of the weather. He sometimes associated with the neighbours, and obtained such a reputation for sanctity, that the surrounding peasants used to supply him with food, till at last it was discovered that the holy man was given to solitary whisky indulgences, and that he was seen reeling amongst the graves, and apostrophizing

the bones that lay scattered in the aisles; in consequence of which the superstitious veneration of the good people of Killarney diminished, and in one night the eremite disappeared, having previously declared his intention of retiring to a cell upon the rock of Lisbon. I remember in Devonshire a letter-carrier who, in consequence of a disappointment of the heart in early life, never shaved, and always lived upon raw meat.

Mucruss lake lies expanded below the garden very beautifully. From the cottage we proceeded to the Turk cascade, which falls from the Devil's Punch-bowl, a supposed volcanic crater, upon the summit of Mangerton mountain. Of the beauty of this fall I could not judge, as it was supplied with but little water when I saw it. The visitor of Killarney will be applied to by the people who belong to the boats which are kept for visiting the lakes: the expence of hiring them, the charge of the boat-men, French horns, victualing them, powder for the petteraro, generally amounts to about nine guineas, by the time all the lakes are visited. I speak only from information, for the polite attention I received prevented me from stating it with the certainty of experience. All the boats belong to Lord Kenmare, as lord of the lakes. In consequence of the sudden squalls that frequently blow, no sails are permitted.

Upon the weather clearing up about two o'clock in the afternoon, we rode to Ross Castle to take water, where Colonel Heyland's boat and six men and a bugle were waiting for us. The road to the castle runs through a bog, and is rather dreary. The castle is picturesque, and forms a barrack for a company of soldiers: it stands in Ross Island, the largest in the lake, about a mile in length, almost covered with evergreens, and abounding with copper and lead mines. This castle was formerly a royal residence, or rather the seat of the lords of the Lakes, who assumed the title of Kings. The family of O'Donahue was the last that bore this title. As we stopped to look at the castle, one of the people belonging to it presented me with a copper two shillings and sixpenny piece, which had been found with others of the same coin in Ireland, and which were coined, and forced into short-lived circulation, during the distresses of James the Second in Ireland.

The lower lake seemed to be spotted with an archipelago of islands. We proceeded to Innisfallen, one of the largest and most beautiful of them. It is a lawn containing about seventeen acres of the richest verdure, fenced with rock; a path runs round the island, overarched with trees of the most luxuriant growth. The holly, beech, and yew abound here, and grow to prodigious size and beauty. I saw a holly with two sorts of leaves, one prickly and the other smooth; they were called male

and female leaves; and another was eleven feet and a half in circumference. From one point we saw before us the vast mountains of Glenaa and Toomish, towering into the clouds, which were contrasted by the softer scenes of the wooded shores of Ross-Island.

THE BED OF HONOUR.

At one extremity of Innisfallen, our guide took great pains to shew us a hollow rock, which is called the bed of honour, and is said to possess a charm against sterility in women. Amongst brambles and briars we found the remains of a small abbey, founded at the close of the sixth century. According to the annals of Munster, A. D. 1180, this abbey and ground were esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, in which the treasures of the whole country were occasionally deposited with its clergy. On the north-east point, near the landing-place, is a small building, supposed to have been a chapel, now used by visitors to dine in. The ledges of rocks which environ this wilderness of sweets, are romantic beyond imagination: they were richly carpeted to their very edges with verdure, which cover their angles and unevenness; and they support, without any appearant nourishment, the richest shrubs and trees. In some places these rocks present the most rugged and fantastic little bays, in others they had the graceful appearance of pedestals of polished marble.

O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE.

Upon leaving this enchanting spot, we crossed over to O'Sullivan's cascade, a mountain stream roaring down a rocky channel on the side of Glenaa. We were conducted through a winding unequal path, deeply overshadowed with trees, which lessened as we approached the fall, upon which the sun shone brilliantly; the leafless branch of a blasted oak stretched half across it; its rebounding foam, white as the driven snow, spread as it were a muslin veil over the light green of the shrubs which crowned the summit of the fall, and the gray and moss-covered rocks, over which the descending waters roared to the lake. Upon our return, I was informed that Glenaa was till lately entirely clothed with the finest woods.

Let me here caution those who visit the lakes against having turf or Kilkenny-coal fires in their bed-rooms; by the former I had nearly perished in the night by suffocation, and the latter has more than once proved fatal.

THE QUARTER-SESSIONS.

The next morning I attended the quarter-sessions, at which a barrister presided. At this meeting the character of the people was strikingly developed. The greatest good humour prevailed in the court, which was a large naked room, with a quantity of turf piled up in one corner of it. Every face looked animated; scarcely any decorum was kept, but justice was expeditiously, and I believe substantially, administered by the barrister, who is addressed by that name, and who appeared to be perfectly competent to the discharge of his judicial duties. He was elevated above the rest. A fellow, like every one of his countrymen in or out of court, loving law to his soul, projected himself too forward to hear a cause which was proceeding; the officer of the court, who, like the bell of Peeping Tom of Coventry, made a horrible noise by endeavouring to keep silence, struck this anxious unlucky wight a blow on the head with a long pole, almost sufficiently forcible to have felled an ox; the fellow rubbed his head, all the assembly broke out in a loud laugh, in which the object of their mirth could not resist joining. Instead of counsel, solicitors pleaded: one of them was examining a rustic, a witness on behalf of his client, when I entered: the poor fellow suffered answers unfavourable to the party for whom he appeared to escape him; upon which, after half a dozen imprecations, the solicitor threw the Testament on which he had been sworn at his head: a second laugh followed. Another fellow swore backwards and forwards ten times in about as many minutes, and when ever he was detected in the most abominable perjury, the auditor was thrown into convulsions of merriment. The barrister held in his hands, not the scales of justice, but a little brass machine for weighing shillings, and which was in frequent requisition upon the judicial seat, for ascertaining the due weight of fees paid into court—another proof of the injurious effects of the wretched state of the circulating medium!

The low Irish are not only fond of law, but are capable of making shrewd remarks upon the administration of justice. Many years since, a gentleman of *consequence and interest* was tried at the assizes of Galway for murder, and, notwithstanding the clearest evidence of the fact, the jury acquitted him. Soon afterwards, as some gentlemen were standing at a large window at Lucas's coffee-house, much resorted to in those days, situated exactly where the exchange now is, a criminal was carried past to be executed: upon which they said—"What is that fellow going to be hanged for?" A low fellow who was passing

by, and overheard the question, looked up and said: "Plaze your honours! for want of a *Galway jury*."

Upon our arrival at Dunloe Castle, we found our horses ready saddled, and we immediately proceeded to a frightful scene of desolation, called the Gap, about three miles distant. It is a hideous pass through two prodigious mountains of barren rock and masses of stone, which looked as if all the rubbish of the creation, after the great Creator had completed his work, had been collected together. From the summit of one of the sides, the Purple mountain, as it is called, capped with clouds, and the upper lake, are seen. Although there is scarcely soil sufficient to nourish a blade of grass, yet a little smoke which we saw, denoted that, upon the craggy cliffs, a few wretched cabins were scattered. The only animated being, except the individuals who composed our party, was a poor labourer, who, at a giddy depth, was quarrying slate.

In the woods near the castle, we passed by some of its towers and apartments, which the cannons of Cromwell, and the rending hand of time, had laid prostrate. The part that retains its perpendicularity still preserves the dignified name of a castle, although it has only one room on a floor, and many of the family are obliged to be accommodated in out-offices. I should think the castle, like many others which I saw in Ireland, must have been small: very few can have been places of defence. The pride of the ancient Irish gentry induced them to dignify their residences with the name of castles; that of a house, which is now so much the fashion in England, that every citizen's snug little box, with *forty yards square* of shrubbery, flowers, and kitchen-garden, bears the pompous name, was called in Irish, by way of contempt, clahane, or a heap of stones.

When I learned that there were five-and-twenty licensed whisky-shops in Killarney, I was not surprised to hear that one of the candlesticks had been stolen from the altar of the Roman catholic chapel there.

There is a noble school for catholic children at Killarney. When they are old enough to quit the seminary, they are ardently sought after as servants, as well by protestant as catholic families, on account of the irreproachable conduct of those who have been educated there: this is one amongst many powerful instances which may be adduced, to prove that the great object of the Irish government ought to be the illumination of the minds of the lower orders, without aiming at *proselytism*. Religion, let it embrace whatever faith it may, and education, must inevitably create a love of social order; superstition and ignorance must ever engender a spirit which is hostile to it. How many years

are to roll away in storm and bloodshed, before this plain, but important, truth shall be admitted or acted upon?

Mr. Carr concludes his account of the lakes with some additional anecdotes of Irish pleasantry.

IRISH MAGNANIMITY.

Before we quit Killarney, I cannot resist laying before my reader an instance of generosity and humanity with which he will be charmed, and which was displayed by the colonel of the very regiment I have mentioned.

In the season of 1787, as the present Lord Castlereagh, then Mr. Steward, was enjoying the pleasure of an aquatic excursion with his schoolfellow and friend, Mr. Sturrock, near Castle-Steward, the seat of his lordship's father, the Earl of Londonderry, unaccompanied by any other person, a violent squall of wind upset the boat, at the distance of two miles at least from shore. Lord Castlereagh, who was an excellent swimmer, recollecting that Mr. Sturrock could not swim, immediately on the boat sinking, directed his attention to his friend, swam to him, placed a piece of a broken oar under his breast, recommended him, with the most encouraging composure and presence of mind, to remain as long as he could on this piece of timber, and when fatigued to turn himself on his back, which he shewed him how to effect by placing himself in that position. He continued swimming near his friend, occasionally raising his hands, in the hope that some one might discover their perilous situation. Mr. Sturrock, father to the young friend of Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Clealand, his lordship's tutor, had been looking at the boat previous to the squall, which they had taken shelter from in a temple in the gardens of Mount Steward. Upon the storm subsiding these gentlemen quitted the place, immediately missed the boat, and concluded that she was lost. Most providentially they found in the harbour a small boat, into which they sprung, with feelings which it would be in vain to describe, and after rowing with all their vigour for a mile and a half, they at last discovered, as the waves rose and fell, a hat, and not far from it a hand waving; they redoubled their exertion, and came up to Lord Castlereagh, who implored them not to mind him, but instantly to go to his companion. "Never mind me," said his lorship, "for God's sake go to Sturrock, or he will be lost; leave me, I think I can support myself till you return." They accordingly left him, and arrived at the critical moment when his young friend had just risen, after sinking the first time, and seizing him by his hair, they drew him quite senseless and exhausted into the boat—another minute, and all would have been over. They then returned to his lordship, and rescued him also.

I leave the reader to imagine the alternate agony and joy which must have characterized the whole of this awful and impressive scene.

POPULATION OF IRELAND.

That the population of Ireland has increased no one can doubt. Mr. Whitelaw informs me that, from such observations as he has been able to make, from a few trials on a small scale, and from the observations of intelligent friends, he is induced to believe that it does not fall short of five millions, but does not exceed it, as some writers have asserted; whilst others have confined it to three millions only. I place great confidence in Mr. Whitelaw's statement.

The relative proportion of square miles, and of population, between England and Ireland, is as follows:

England contains	49,450	square miles.
Ireland	27,457	ditto.
England contains	9,343,578	persons;
or	189	ditto to one square mile.
Ireland contains	5,000,000	persons;
or	182 1-10th	to one square mile.

I have already mentioned the difficulty of ascertaining the population of Ireland with accuracy. Sir William Petty, who wrote in the reign of Charles II., estimated the population of Ireland at one million only. His situation as physician to the army in that country, and his long residence there, must have afforded him tolerable opportunities of judging. The number who perished in the rebellions of 1798 and 1803 is supposed not to have exceeded twenty thousand men; but it must ever remain a matter of conjecture. The population of Ireland, and consequently its agricultural improvements, must have received severe checks at various eras. The war of 1641, which lasted eleven years, and the plague and famine which accompanied it, destroyed six hundred and eighty-nine thousand persons; and, in 1652, Dublin was obliged to import provisions from Wales; and, about forty years since, corn to the amount of 380,000*l.*

To no country under heaven has nature been more bountiful than to Ireland, and in few countries have her bounties been less tasted by those for whom they were destined. Her history presents the gloomy picture of man opposing the happiness of man.

CAUSES OF POPULATION.

The causes which promote population, says our author, have been ably ascertained to consist in a mild and equitable government, abundance of food, frequency of marriage, a salubrious

climate, favourable to health, generation, and long life, to which I think the absence of English poor-laws may be added. Under these propitious circumstances, population will double in less than twenty years. What would the population of Ireland have been, if her polititial happiness had been commensurate with her physical advantages? What may not such a country become in the space of twenty years, under the fostering care of a wise and beneficent government?

The retarding causes which affect the population of Russia, prevent it from doubling itself in less than forty-nine years. The amazing populatiou of China has been attributed to the expences attending the marriage state being so inconsiderable. A little rice, some raw cotton, or other materials, for clothing, and a couple of mats, form almost all the furniture of an ordinary Chinese house. The lower orders of Chinese are, I believe, more wretched than the lower Irish. We are credibly informed, that thousands of families live perpetually in little fishing-boats upon canals and rivers, and that they frequently subsist by fishing up the nastiest garbage thrown overboard from an European ship. In Ireland there are scarcely greater checks to marriage amongst the lower orders, than there are in the sexual intercourse of animals. If the condition of the Irish peasantry were improved, I do not see that population could suffer.

When our militia regiments were in Ireland during the rebellion, the numbers of the married men amongst the Irish regiments were astonishingly greater than those of the same description in the English regiments, to the no small and frequently jocose surprise of the Irish soldier. Sir William Petty well observes, that "fewness of people is real poverty; and a nation wherein are eight millions of people, is more than twice as rich as the same scope of land wherein are but four." Montesquieu quaintly calls population "*une immense manufacture.*" I can confidently assert, that is is a manufacture well calculated to flourish in Ireland.

VIEW OE CORK.

As we approached Cork the view became very fine, the river Lee winding to the Cove, a country on each side well cultivated, and dotted with villas: the city, its superb barracks, the Mardyke walk, extending a mile under the shade of elms, the new goal, which has a noble appearance, and the shipping, presented an uncommonly rich, varied, and picturesque prospect. Cork is the second city in Ireland, and if ships of above two hundred tons were not obliged to unload at Passage, five miles and a half from Cork, it would be one of the finest port towns in the world. In times of peace the flags of every nation may be seen

waving in her harbour, called the Cove, now protected by a fort, built on the great island below, commanding the haven, which is perfectly safe, and capable of affording complete protection to the whole navy of England from every wind that blows. Ships from England, bound to all parts of the West Indies, put in here; and in one year, in pacific times, no less than two thousand vessels have floated upon its bosom.

In the city are three convents; two of the order of the Presentation, devoted entirely to the instruction of poor female children, and one called the Ursuline, for the education of females in the higher ranks of life, but in which poor children are also sometimes instructed.

The barracks are upon an immense scale, and very superb: they stand upon a rocky mountain, and command the city, and all the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. The city stands upon several islands formed by the river Lee, which are handsomely banked and quayed in. Several streets have been gained from the river, and are built like the Adelphi, upon arches: the shops are well supplied, and many of them are elegant. The Mardyke walk is very beautiful: from this spot I made a sketch of the city. It has many very handsome houses, and the society is refined and elegant.

In the centre of the parade, which is very spacious, there is an equestrian statue of George the Second; it is of stone, and painted yellow, and has nothing belonging to it worthy of further notice.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS AT CORK.

The Lying-in Hospital here at first did not answer, on account of excited prejudice; it is now, however, in some degree of estimation among the lower orders. Attached to the South Infirmary, a lock ward and a penitentiary house are now built, and will soon be fit for the reception of reformed prostitutes. There is also a charitable repository. The Mayor and Sheriffs' Charity is an institution that affords the sum of two hundred pounds per annum, in small sums, to aged or distressed freemen, towards their support. The Foundling Hospital is well supported by a tax on coals. There are also several Alms-houses. The Blue and Green-Coat Hospitals are established for the instruction of children recommended by aldermen. There are also, in every parish, schools for the instruction of poor children. The Schools of Industry are very justly entitled to the support they meet with, where poor children are rescued from the fatal habits of idleness, beggary, and thieving, and are taught to read and write, and are made acquainted with such

works as may habituate them to industry, and enable them to provide for themselves, with advantage to society.

The country and city House of Industry at Cork is well worthy the notice of a traveller; although the mixture of the objects of punishment and charity, within its pale, is objectionable, yet upon the whole it does honour to the humanity of the city. Against this mixture, which obtains almost in every large town and city in Ireland, except Dublin, too solemn a protest cannot be entered. The first objects which presented themselves were the vilest prostitutes of the city and incorrigible young offenders; the former amounted to eighty-two, each of whom had a chain and log fastened upon one leg; they were without shoes or stockings, but that is no grievance, for in all human probability they never wore either, or only during the more fortunate vicissitudes of life; but they were wretchedly clad, being allowed no prison dress, which, in my humble opinion, upon the principles of humanity and even of justice, ought to be supplied: excepting a few of the other classes mentioned, the rest in this division of the building were decayed housekeepers, male and female, amounting in all to two hundred and thirty two persons. I found the charity and prison allowance liberal, consisting of meat, stirabout, milk, and potatoes, varied on different days. In another part of the building I saw the idiots and insane, amounting to one hundred and eight; the former were very few; the latter appeared to have every kind and soothing attention paid to them; formerly they used to run about the streets unattended. The wards, though too confined, were remarkably clean, and there was not, as in England, that highly improper intercourse of convalescents with subjects of violent frenzy. This institution is supported by presentments, and charitable donations.

The Old Gaol is a shocking place, having no yard, and the prisoners looked very unhealthy; they were not ironed. I was surprised to find that they were not removed to the New Prison, which, although not finished, had many apartments fit to receive them. This gaol is one of the finest I ever saw; only its guard, and bars and bolts, could have prevented me from mistaking it for a new and noble mansion. It stands a little way out of the city in a most healthy and beautiful situation. The passages and cells were spacious, secure, and healthy; the arrangement of the building appeared to embrace every object which humanity could desire: it is capable of holding from five to six hundred prisoners.

The inhabitants of this, like those of every other city, are disposed to exaggerate its population, which they estimate at nearly one hundred and twenty thousand; but most of the

Roman Catholic clergymen, and the resident physicians who have the best means of information, average it at about one hundred thousand: the mode usually adopted of grounding the calculation upon the number of houses, is very fallacious, not only with respect to this, but every other city in the southern and western provinces, and generally throughout Ireland, where the poorer classes are compressed into a space which is shocking to humanity: in several lanes in Cork, the walls of a small wretched habitation, frequently enclose upwards of fifty persons. Limeric, and I am told Galway, exhibit similar instances of crowded population; and hence have arisen the gross errors of those who have formed their estimate of population upon the returns of the hearth-money and tax-gatherers.

The population of Cork has increased five-fold since the reign of Charles the Second, and has received, notwithstanding the counteractive effects of war, and the decline of manufactures in the south, an augmentation of at least ten thousand inhabitants within the space of ten years.

Cork exports more beef, tallow, hides, butter, fish, and other provisions, than Belfast, Waterford, or Limerick; her other exports are linen cloth, pork, calves, lambs, rabit-skins, wool for England, linen, and woollen yarn and worsted. The slaughtering season commences in September, and continues to the latter end of January, during which time it has been computed that no less than one hundred thousand head of black cattle have been killed and cured.

The provision-trade has not been carried on for these last three or four years with the same spirit, and to the same extent, as formerly, owing in a great measure to the business having become more general in the other sea-ports of Ireland than before: yet a much larger quantity of provision was made up in Cork last season than the year preceding; but if it be considered that the greater portion was intended for the use of government, and that the price of cattle has been much too high in proportion to the prices allowed by government for the manufactured provisions, it may easily be inferred that the trade could not be very productive to those concerned.

The price of land in the neighbourhood of this city varies from three pound to ten pound per acre of English statute measure.

Upon the banks of the river, and towards the harbour's mouth, on account of the convenience for bathing, the land, without being rich, is very high in value. Within these last ten years rent has tripled: the price of labour in this part of Ireland has advanced greatly within these few yeers; but the comforts of the lower orders have not "grown with its growth," in consequence of the prices of the necessaries of life keeping

equal pace with the advances of wages, which in these parts are now from sixteen-pence to eighteen-pence per day.

Tillage in the immediate neighbourhood of Cork, and in the south parts of the country, has been latterly much promoted, in consequence of the breweries and distilleries consuming such an immense quantity of barley and oats; whilst the large quantity of wheat and flour used in the market, both for home consumption and export, has greatly excited the farmers to the cultivation of the former. The rigorous exaction of the hearth-money tax has been much complained of amongst the poor, but as the legislature is about to annul it, all farther comment would be unnecessary.

The relative proportion of catholics to protestants in this and in all the cities of Munster, is full four to one; in the interior of the country it is ten to one; almost all the common people are of the first description, as well as the respectable merchants of the city.

Under the term protestants are comprehended all separatists from the catholic communion: the established church in this part of Ireland has very few followers; the Methodists, on the contrary, are rapidly increasing.

Although catholic landholders in this county are not very numerous at present, as the character of the city is purely commercial, no doubt the catholic landed interests will be much extended, by catholics investing their fortune in future in the purchase of land.

The bridewell is an old building: I found it clean, and occupied only by two refractory apprentices. The market for fish, meat, and vegetables, is admirably constructed and profusely supplied. The Irish excel us in the architectural arrangements of these buildings. Provisions were as under: the best beef and mutton at fourpence per lb. a couple of ducks one shilling, a turky half-a-crown, and a hare sixpence. In the shambles I met the mayor, distinguished by a cocked hat and golden chain, actively engaged in preventing frauds, and preserving order. For the support of this office, five hundred pounds per annum is appropriated out of the city revenues, amounting annually to three thousand pounds. The civil government of the city is vested in this magistrate, a recorder, and sheriffs. Cork is also the see of a bishop, who has a palace here. There is a small neat theatre, but there were no performers when I was in the city. At the great cattle-fairs, no woman with a red cloak is permitted to appear; a regulation wich arose from the following very extraordinary circumstance, which a gentleman of great respactibility assured me was true. At a great cattle fair in this county a herd of oxen was so frightened by the red cloak of an old woman, that they ran off

with the greatest fury, and descended a slope of ground with such velocity, as to break down part of the park wall of a nobleman.

KILKENNY THEATRICALS.

"At Kilkenny I found quite a jubilee-bustle in the streets, and elegant equipages driving about in all directions. The annual theatricals of this delightful little town had attracted a great number of fashionables from Dublin and the surrounding country. These dramatic amusements, varied by races, balls, and concerts, are supported by gentlemen of rank and fortune, for the purpose of converting the result of a highly intellectual and social gratification into a permanent source of relief for those who are sinking under want and misery: to the eternal honour of Ireland be it spoken. that this sentiment is a prevailing one. The character of an Irish gentleman may be described in these words, gaiety and generosity. The theatricals of Kilkenny last about a month, and at the end generally leave a balance, after deducting the expences of the house, dresses not included, of two hundred pounds, which is applied to charitable purposes: one hundred and forty pounds have been received in one night. The theatre, which is the private property of the gentlemen who perform, is small and elegant, and the whole, except the back of a gallery, is laid out into boxes, the admission to which is six shillings. Over the proscenium of the stage is written the following elegant and expressive motto, from the pen of General Taylor: "Whilst we smile, we soothe affliction." I saw Henry the Forth performed: the principal characters were admirably supported, and the dresses were uncommonly superb. Lord Mountjoy appeared one night in a dress valued at eight thousand pounds. The female performers were engaged from the Dublin stage. The house was crowded, and enabled me to speak with confidence of the beauty and elegance of the higher orders of Irish ladies. The principal characters at these theatricals are supported by Mr. R. Power, Mr. Lyster, Mr. R. Langrise, Lord Mountjoy, &c."

From the copious analysis which we have given of this work, our readers will be enabled to appreciate the great merit of the original. It is certainly the most able and interesting vindication of the Irish character, which has issued from the press in these times of national partiality; and we are happy to learn, that the author has lately received the honorary reward of knighthood, as a recompense for his liberal opinions; while his book has experienced a very extensive circulation, throughout the united kingdom.

END OF CARR'S STRANGER IN IRELAND.